Sz'fozin Rajol 1817

Seventeenth of the Improved Work.

THE

Sporting Magazine

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure Enterprize & Spirit.

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HIPPOMENES AND ATALANTA,

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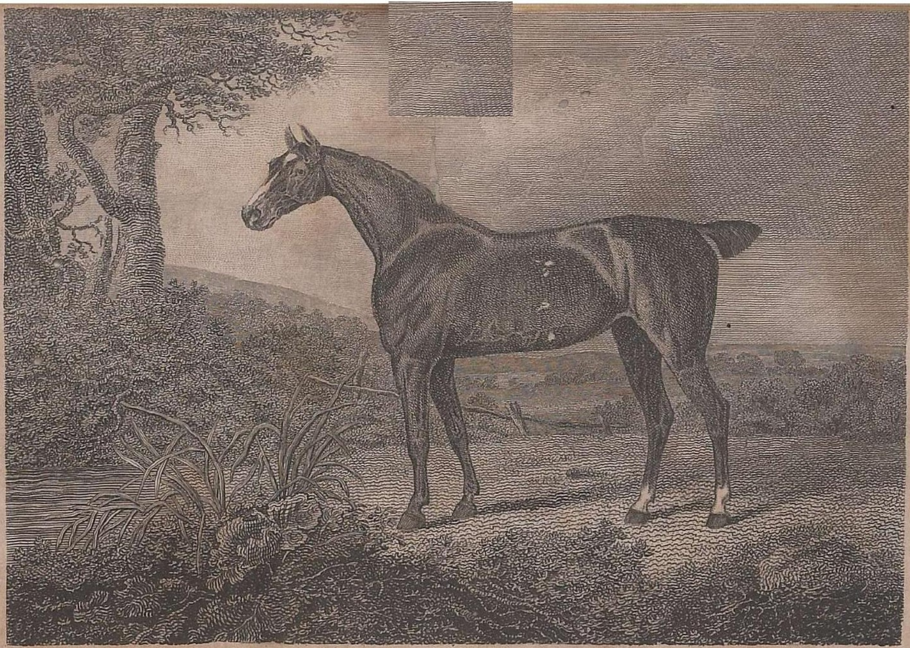

H.B. Chalon. pinx[t]
H.R. Cook sculp.

Flora

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVII. OCTOBER, 1810. No. CCXVII.

FLORA,

A celebrated Hunting Mare, the property of the Earl of Darlington.

Engraved by Mr. H. R. Cook, from a Portrait painted by Mr. Chalon.

OF this excellent mare, we have to recount the following extraordinay leap:—

Tuesday, November 29, 1808, when the hounds were running very hard and near their fox, Lord Darlington was following, and his mare pulled very hard down a large turnip field, when, knowing that there was a rivulet on the other side of the hedge which he was approaching, he run the mare with considerable force to the leap, and cleared it, except with one hind leg; but the exertion was so great that she came down on her nose, but recovered herself, although quite lame immediately after, and never was thoroughly sound during the remainder of that and the following season.

The leap was rather upon a rise out of the turnip field, and consisted of a strong old thorn hedge, newly cut and bound, about four feet high; and then a large ditch, which had been washed away by a strong current of water, and much undermined, which measured in breadth seven yards and three quarters, and in depth, from the top of the hedge to the bottom of the ditch, which was then dry, two yards and three quarters.

RUMBO.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THERE is a horse named "Rumbo," got by Whiskey, out of Spinnetta, that originally belonged to the late Lord Clermont, but is now the property of a Mr. Sadler, which has, I think, run more frequently than any other horse of modern times. I should like very much to see an account of his performances in your Magazine; and also, to hear whether he is intended to start again, or to be kept as a stallion: if the latter, I should wish to be informed where he is intended to cover the next season. He is now, I believe, more than ten years old.—Your's,

An Admirer, and Constant Subscriber.

October 25, 1810.

DISPUTES BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

Sir John Eamer *v.* Captain Browne and Lieutenant Zouche.

IT will appear, by a reference to our Magazine for the last month, that the demon of discord hath been brandishing her baneful torches among the officers of those gallant military corps, the East

A London

London Militia, and the Tower Hamlets Militia: the first being led on to glory by Sir John Eamer, Knight, Alderman, and Grocer; and the other by Lieut.-Col. Smith, an officer of equal desert and dignity!

We shall not detain our readers by any thing like a recapitulation of the charges and counter-charges, which have been so plentifully exhibited in the course of these unhappy proceedings; in which it appeareth that Captain Browne and Lieutenant Zouche, of the East London corps, ventured to write and issue a placard, tending to wound the military reputation of their very excellent Colonel, Sir John Eamer! Nor doth the evil rest here; for we have the infelicity to find another account, of another Court-Martial, which was subsequently held, against Captain William Mason, of the Tower Hamlets corps, charging him with misdemeanours, comprising in their spirit, *injustice, selfishness, and cruelty!* And there is even another Court-Martial to which we must painfully allude, namely, that which was instituted against Lieutenant Walter Lewis, of the Second Tower Hamlets Militia, at the instance of Colonel Smith, his Commanding Officer, for irregularity and insubordination! Now where can morals, or manners, find adequate shelter and protection, if not in the hearts and bosoms of gallant men? Where shall the ruder members of society be taught to look upwards, for an example, if heroes themselves can injure not only discretion and decency, but even duty herself, as frequently as lesser men?

We hope and trust, for the honour of our martial character, that these afflictive bickerings may be never circulated, or whispered, beyond the precincts of Great Britain: as, in the event of their being known to our vigilant and implacable foe, at Paris, what might not his ambitious daring suggest when he was assured that such animosities existed in the East London and Tower Hamlets Militia!

Some unworthy varlet, instigated, no doubt, by an impulse of burning envy towards Sir John Eamer, wrote the following *jeu d'esprit* upon the late unfortunate squabble among him and his Lieutenants.

SIR JOHN EAMER AND BONAPARTE.

Fame said, Sir John,
Rise up, anon,
And leave your figs and jars:
The world demands
Your matchless bands,
So hie thee to the wars!

This flower of men,
With ardour, then
Brac'd on his sword to please her:
And march'd, quite blithe,
Through—Rotherhithe,
And look'd as big as Cæsar!

Scarcely Sir John
Had got upon
His nutmeg-colour'd charger,
Ere Envy came,
T' oppose his fame,
And make his perils—larger!

But he, a Knight
As brave as bright,
Scoff'd at this minor evil:
And pitch'd his tent,
At Lea—in Kent,
And would have fought—the Devil!

Those winds that play,
At break of day,
Seeing Sir John's battalions:
Scudded to France,
With eyes askance,
And scar'd Nap's gaunt rascallions!

Aw'd, and afraid,
Napoleon said,
(And trembled till he p——d!)
I'm all alarms,
Sir John's in arms,
By G—d we're dish'd, and diddled!

But Discord fell,
Arose from Hell,

To craze these corps so bonny:
Then NAP's dismay,
Was sooth'd away,
And Anguish seiz'd SIR JOHNNY !]

To forego the regions of poetry, and descending to plain prose, we cannot but very gravely lament the frequent recurrence of Courts Martial, in regard to the London and Tower Hamlets Militia: they are assuredly disgraceful to us, and the causes should be removed.—The establishment of the Tower Hamlets corps appears to us, to be formed upon similar narrow principles as the London corps, with this difference merely, that the former are wholly out of the reach of city legislation.

The plain inference to be drawn from the printed trials that are more immediately under our consideration is, that such disreputable bickerings, and mutual scratching of character, ariseth from manifest insubordination, and a radical defect in the appointment of both officers and men! These gallant Colonels will excuse us when we affirm, that there is an *apparent* want of personal dignity in some of the officers, issuing from their insufficiency in knowledge regarding military tactics! We speak this, under favour, yet, alas, it is but too true! But how can this be otherwise, when they continue to mingle the avocations of the man of business, with the duties of a soldier?

"One science only will one genius fit,
"So vast is art—so narrow City wit!"

But there is a *douceur*, a *bonus*, annexed to these commands, which, (as Sir John might say) like lumps of sugar sweeten many a bitter draught. We are alluding to the patronage and pay which these inoffensive gentlemen enjoy; and which ought, in our plain ideas of right, to be conferred, *exclusively*, on officers, whose blazing merit and long services entitle them to the gratitude of the nation in general, and the city of London in particular.—Cannot these civic and civil Commanders throw away the batoon of military rank, and become pains-taking traders once more? The thing is practicable, but not facile: they have been, somewhat heedlessly, inoculated with greatness, and the love of power cannot be always shaken off, like a gaberdine that doth not fit the animal.

Hoc opus, hic labor est.

To ope the shop again, where each one buys,
In this the task, the mighty labour lies.

W.

ON THE COMPARATIVE MERITS OF RIFLE GUNS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

HAVING seen in your Magazine of September last, a statement of the practice of the Duke of Cumberland's Sharp Shooters, under the head, "Comparative Merits of Rifle Guns," I am at a loss to know who your Correspondent is, as he has positively mistaken every circumstance he has pledged himself to describe.

With respect to the merits of rifle guns, he states that those made by Smith, Lisle-street; Hewson, Piccadilly; Riviere, Oxford-street; and Forsyth, Piccadilly; have the preference in the corps alluded to. Smith, Hewson, and Riviere, have made by far the greater part of the guns used in the corps, but Messrs. Forsyth and Co. have not made one rifle gun for any member; they have, indeed, affixed a lock to one of

of Smith's guns, for the adjutant, whom I shall have occasion to mention hereafter.

He then states the superiority of the whole and three-quarter-turn rifle over the one-quarter-turn; I have been a member of the corps upwards of three years, and have constantly attended to ball firing, and the advantage of the whole and three-quarter turns, at a long distance, is much greater than he has described it, although he could not be a witness of it on the 12th of July. I was present, and to my certain knowledge there was not a gun of a quarter-turn fired at a greater distance than 100 yards, which is to be accounted for in the following manner; viz. by a regulation in this corps, to produce emulation among those who wish to become marksmen, and to prevent accidents, no member is permitted to join a company till he has struck the target ten shots out of twelve, at fifty yards; he is then permitted to shoot at 100 yards, and upon being equally successful at this distance, he is allowed to shoot at 150 yards; but this shooting is very rarely performed by a quarter-turn gun: the consequence is, those members who shoot with quarter-turns cannot get further than one hundred yards, while those who possess guns which describe a greater turn, and a tolerable portion of steadiness, arrive at the highest point of excellence.

He then states the shooting for the best silver cup, which was won Corporal Porteus; but that is by no means equal to the average shooting of the corps, and was worse shooting than I ever witnessed on similar occasions. The two anniversaries I saw before, were much better: on the 6th of June, 1808, five members fired twelve shots each, and out of sixty shots put fifty-five into the target, twenty-eight of which were in the bull's eye; Corporal Porteus winning the silver cup, which was then given, by putting every shot in the target, seven of them in the bull's eye. On the 9th of June, 1809, Serjeant Lockwood and Corporal Bacot tied with eleven hits out of twelve, and four bull's eyes each, which was decided in favour of Corporal Bacot, who, advancing and retreating alternately at the following distances, 120, 170, 220, and 260 yards, firing a shot at each distance for ten minutes, fired eleven shots, nine of which struck the target, and three of them bull's eyes. Mr. Random de Berenger having won the second silver cup, it is ascribed to the merits of the Forsyth lock, "which gave him a superiority over his antagonists;" this has never been considered to be of any advantage by his antagonists, but a great disadvantage, for had not the weather been fine and promising, he could not have fired for the prize at all, as rain will at any time put the lock out of order; and notwithstanding all that has been stated in your Magazine respecting the merits of this production, I can positively assert, from what I have seen of Mr. Random de Berenger's lock, there is not at present any lock made on so bad a principle in the corps. That Mr. Random de Berenger is as careful a gentleman as ever tried the lock, I am ready to allow, but it is very rare indeed that he brings it out without some accident happening to it before he returns, and at the best of times no lock in the corps misses fire so often.

Your Correspondent then states another day's shooting he was witness to, when Mr. Random de Berenger

renger put eleven shots of sixteen in the bull's eye, and even then seemed dissatisfied with his performances:—that may be; had it not been for the disappointments he suffered with his lock, he might have hit all bull's eyes; the lock on this day missed fire a number of times, and the weather very fine too. This your correspondent makes no mention of, which induces me to suppose he has more interest in the success or failure of it than he wishes every one to know; and that Mr. Random de Berenger could have shot better with a flint lock, is clearly proved by his shooting with a fourteen-inch pistol with a flint lock, made by Mr. Smith, and putting four shots following into the bull's eye.

I should not have troubled your Magazine with this contradiction, did I not feel it a duty I owe the different rifle corps, and the sporting world in general, who, by seeing the Forsyth lock so continually puffed off, in newspapers and magazines, may be led to suppose it really possessed more merit than the flint lock, and, after going to a great expense, find themselves most egregiously disappointed. I could have wished some person of greater literary attainments than myself had undertaken the service; what I have stated I have been eye witness to; and I am convinced every member of the corps will assert, that it is much more likely to fail than the flint lock.——I am, Sir, your's, &c. W. SMITH.

London, Oct. 26, 1810.

GENERAL BUCHANAN AND OTHERS,

FOUND GUILTY OF AN ASSAULT IN IRELAND.

Kilmainham Sessions.

GENERAL Buchanan, three females, and two men, named Gandon and M'Gowran, were indicted for an assault on Cornelius Moran, an officer of the Sheriff of the county of Dublin, and rescuing the General from an arrest. There was another indictment against the General for an assault, with intent to kill, and also an indictment against the parties for a riot.

Mr. M'Nally, in addressing the Jury, said he would merely state some of the leading features of the case. A Mr. Fitzgerald, who was in the service of Colonel Vesey, had incurred the displeasure of the General; and in consequence of the representations of the General to the Colonel, Mr. Fitzgerald lost his situation. An action at law against the General was the result, and the plaintiff recovered 300l. damages. The action was for defamation.—The execution was put into the hands of the present prosecutor Moran, who, being the known officer of the Sheriff, went on the 25th of May last to the house of the General, attended by the plaintiff and two other persons, to execute the writ. The bailiff found the kitchen-door open, and entered. He stated he came to execute a writ against the General's goods. The military officer was put off his guard—the bailiff got peaceably into the house—he behaved peaceably there: the law of arrest he was ready to argue, should it be agitated. The law in the present case is this: when a bailiff once gets entrance into an house by an outer door, he may break open every door in the house to arrest the owner of it, or any lodger in it. It was so determined in the case of another General, General Gansell. The General, when the civil officer entered his parlour, was armed with a pistol in one hand, in the other a knife—the arrest took place—the General was made prisoner as he attempted to escape through a window

window—he was in custody of the law—it was his duty to submit.—He could not but know, that if he escaped the Sheriff would be fixed with the debt. He did escape, and the Sheriff was fixed with the debt. The General wounded the bailiff with the knife; he then got out of the window, and gave bail, that is, leg bail, to the writ: he got out of the window, ran across the field, gave his pistol to Mr. Gandon, leaped over two walls, crossed the esplanade, cleared the stone works, and got into the country. Mr. Gandon was on his own ground, he got a pistol from the General; the General cried out "War, hawk," he saw the General running, and pursued; he stopped the bailiff, he knocked him down with the shovel, he asked him how he dare come as a trespasser on his grounds, called him a robber, raised his labourers; the General escaped, the rescue was complete, the Sheriff was saddled with the debt. When the bailiff made the arrest, there was a covey of women in the house; those amazons were not idle on the occasion; they attacked the bailiff armed with poker, tongs, and shovel; but if the Jury should be of opinion that they acted in the riot, and assault, and escape, though they were females, they should be convicted; however, if they did not appear guilty, the law would be satisfied with the conviction of the other persons.

Cornelius Moran examined by Mr. Campbell.—Witness is a bailiff to the Sheriff of the county of Dublin: On the 25th of May last he went to the house of Gen. Buchanan, near Lucan, to execute a writ. Mr. Fitzgerald, the plaintiff, a man of the name of John Colvin, and another man, were with him; he got into the house easily, by walking in through the kitchen-door, which was standing open; a lady was standing in the kitchen; the lady asked what was his business there? The witness replied, he had an execution against the General's goods and chattels. That was not the truth; it was to try if the General would come out easily; the execution was against his person. The lady is one of the traversers; she went into the parlour, and in about two minutes returned, and asked to see the execution. Witness took it out of his pocket, and said, "Here it is, and there is the Sheriff's seal;" but he would not give it to her, telling her she might burn it. The lady went into the parlour again: witness heard the General in the parlour: he listened at the door and heard the General desire her to bring him his pistols. She went for the pistols; she then said, "I have got one pistol:" the General replied, "I have the other in my pocket." Witness then turned the brass button of the parlour-door, and went into the room; the General and the lady were standing on the floor talking. The General said, "I will blow your brains out if you proceed further." Witness did proceed; there was a window raised, the General made a charge at the window, and got partly out. Witness got hold of him by the coat—witness had a stick; the General made a stab of a knife at him, which slipped down the stick, and cut his hand; witness had seized the General by the coat before he received the cut. Three women then attacked the witness with a poker, a fire-shovel, and a greasy cloth about the eyes. At this time witness was endeavouring to hold the General. The elder of the female traversers had the dishclout; the knife fell out of the General's hand; the elder woman endeavoured to get it; the witness let the

the General loose, fearing he would be injured by the knife; the youngest lady opened the window, and the General escaped. As soon as the General had got off, the three women began to beat the witness, who was struck with the poker on the head. At the time of making the arrest, the General was fast in the window, it not being sufficiently open. As soon as he possibly could, the witness followed the General. Mr. Fitzgerald, and the other man, as well as witness, saw the General running along his own wall, which he crossed, and got into an old mill on the lands of Mr. Gandon, one of the traversers; Mr. Gandon immediately came up, with a shovel in his hand, and without asking what they wanted, or who they were, knocked the witness down; Mr. Gandon then said, "You robber! what, you here!" Witness replied, "I am no robber, but I am an officer of the Sheriff, following my prisoner." Mr. Gandon then struck another blow at the witness, and tumbled him; and then called out to a man that had a pistol, which he twisted out of his hand, and gave witness a fist in the face; and said, if he would proceed further, he would blow his brains out. The witness then saw the General on Mr. Gandon's ground, about 100 yards from them, with his hat waving over his head, crying "War, hawk! War, hawk!"—that was, meaning that the witness was a bailiff; he was known to be a bailiff in the county of Dublin. Mr. Gandon gave directions to the man to shoot them; witness made his escape from the ground, and went down to Sir John White, and told him the matter; Mr. Gandon, with a party of above fifty men, followed the witness to Sir John White's, throwing stones at him, and pelted him before Sir John, who said he would not permit witness to be molested. Mr. Gandon said, witness's bones ought to be broken, or any vagabond that came into his grounds. Sir John White replied, "Mr. Gandon, take care what you do; the man ought not be molested," and then desired the witness to leave the town, as his life would not be safe; the witness took Sir John's advice, because he had saved his life before in the town. All Sir John could do, did not prevent the mob from pelting stones; witness was afterwards followed by upwards of 100 persons, who were running after him from the fields; the mob followed them a mile and an half to the hill over Cursis-stream. When witness got to Dublin he was bled by a surgeon; he had no use of his arm for better than a month afterwards; there was a great pain in his hip, and the blow of the stone he got in his back still affects him. The traverser M'Gowran, had a pistol, which Mr. Gandon took from him; and threw down a spade he had, with which the former struck him.

Cross-examined by Mr. Greene.—He acted in the capacity of a bailiff of the county of Dublin for upwards of two years. The warrant under which the General was arrested was originally directed to Maginness and John Doe—but the Sheriff did not like to have Maginness in the warrant, and altered it with his own hand, and then signed it. The plaintiff was brought to the house to show his *man*: it is the constant practice to prevent mistakes. Never heard that half the disturbances and riots which took place on those occasions is the consequence of the attendance of the plaintiffs—because, when they show us "our man" they generally go away. "John Doe, in the warrant

warrant, is any man we choose to bring with us. We thought, by saying that the execution was against his goods and chattels, that he would come out to compromise, and to give us our fees not to expose him, in the way of civility-money, and we thought by that means to get at him easily." If the General pleased, he might have made his escape before witness went into the parlour; but there was a party watching him, and he would be pinned. He was about four minutes in custody. The three women walloped witness with poker, shovel, and greasy towel. Witness always told the story in the same way about the ladies. Witness was timorsome when he heard the pistols asked for; he had one himself in his breast, but it was not loaded. Witness did not follow the General through the window—he was obliged to go out of the kitchen. The General was then about six perches from him, running along the wall. Mr. Gandon said, before the Sheriff and Mr. White, that he made the witness feel the hardness of his knuckles. Mr. Fitzgerald the plaintiff, was disguised by a great coat, which he took off. Mr. Gandon then said, "Fitzgerald, I know you." He answered, "And I know you; and will make you know me, for the treatment you have given the poor man."

Mr. Fitzgerald, in the course of his examination by Mr. King, corroborated the testimony of the last witness, so far as the witness had stated his being present. Witness saw the General running; he saw the last witness, and said, "There is your mark, what have you done?" The reply was, "I had him arrested, but am not able from the beating I got to follow him." When they got on Mr. Gandon's ground, M'Gowran, with a pistol in his hand, stopped the witness. He saw Gandon give the last witness several blows—and saw the General on a hill, waving his hat, and crying out "War, hawk!" The General was in view of the town or neighbourhood of Lucan when he waved his hat and cried "War, hawk!"

Benedict Arthur, Esq. the Under Sheriff of the county of Dublin, proved the writ of execution and the warrant; and in the course of his examination, part of which was by Colonel Vesey, from the Bench, stated, that the neighbourhood of Lucan was so riotous, and determined to oppose the officers of justice, that he made no less than three attempts in vain to execute a writ of replevin, and that his bailiff had been frequently beaten.

On the part of the General, after an able appeal from Counsellor Green to the feelings of the Jury, witnesses were called.

Sir John White said, he did not recollect that Moran mentioned how he received the wound in the hand; it appeared a mere scratch, as if with a penknife. He knew the spot where the General was described as waving his hat, and thought he could not be viewed from the town. On his cross-examination by Mr. Campbell, he said, he would not swear as to whether the General was arrested or not. The other witness produced, contradicted the prosecutors as to some trifling circumstances; but none of them would give any opinion as to the General being arrested by Moran's writ.

The Jury found all the parties, except M'Gowran, guilty of the rescue and assault, and acquitted them generally of the riot.

By consent of the prosecutors, the sentence was deferred until the 8th of November.

SPORTING

SPORTING RIGS IN TOWN.

Hi riggi riggorum! Nom. sub. declin. secund. gen. mas.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THE following anecdote *must* be true, because there are many now living and looking, who were actually in Court and heard it; moreover, it was related at the table of the Prince of Wales, which it set in a roar; farther yet, we prove it Hudibrastically—in print. Last of all, we will attempt to vouch it *probably*, from the known familiarity of address which the transcendant humanity of our laws admits in the courts of justice.

Lord Chief Justice the Earl of Mansfield, in the examination of a *flash* evidence, desired him to explain what he meant by "pricking in the belt?"—the fellow, looking very arch, replied, "Not know what pricking in the belt is! why, my Lord, what a flat you must be—why 'tis the best rig going." At which the old Judge, with all his gravity and command of countenance, as well as the whole Court, were convulsed with laughter.

Now the rigs we are about to describe, it is true, are not quite so profitable as pricking in the belt, but they are real sporting rigs; that is to say, ingenious devices to cozen our fellows, and to obtain the ready and the needful.

For the literal truth of the shawl bargain we will vouch, and our name and address lie with the Editor; nor have three months elapsed since the said bargain was completed, so much to the satisfaction of, at least, two of the high contracting parties.

A fellow, one forenoon, habited like a seaman, and having a flashy shawl wrapped round his arm, in a careless way, rolled into a shop in style, and asked for a pennyworth of tobacco. He was soon followed by a Jew-looking fellow, with a bag, appearing to be a dealer in old clothes: this last stepping up to the sailor, accosts him with—"Well, shall I have it, or no?" No, was the reply, with a shake of the head. "Well," continued the other, "I will give you half-a-crown more." "No, I tell you, it won't do." "I'll give you five shillings more, I'll make it up two pounds five shillings, and if that won't do, I wish you a better customer." The sailor seeming determined not to part with his shawl, the Jew merchant took his leave.

The woman of the shop, as well stricken in years as in circumspection at watching for a bargain, was fully awake to all that had passed, and whilst her customer was charging with his quid, enquired of him, whether it was the shawl bound upon his arm, for which he and the Jew had been bargaining? The sailor, shaking his head, with a sigh, answered, "Yes, I bought it for Sue, but she is false-hearted and shan't have it; howsomdever, I won't sell it neither." "Then," rejoined the woman, "you had better give it to your mother or sister, if you have one, for you will dirty and soil it, by carrying it about in this way." "No, I have neither a mother nor sister, and Sue is false, and I can't help it." At this period of the farce, in comes the Jew again. "Well, to be sure, it is not worth more than I offered, but I must say the article is uncommon good, and I'll stand another half-crown, and that is my last word; you had better let me have it." "No, I tell you, I won't sell it:" on this, *exit* the merchant for good.

Our

Our mariner now observing the gudgeon nibbling at the bait, her eyes being fixed upon the shawl, draws it from his arm, and displays it upon the counter, in all its splendour of gaudy colours.—"Ah! I bought that for Sue, but she is false-hearted—it cost me five guineas in India, and there a'nt a better piece of goods under the copes of Heaven. Well, Ma'am—I did not mean to part with it, but Sue is false; if you choose to have this shawl at two guineas, which cost me five guineas in India, you shall, and split me if ever I sell it for less—but I thought nothing of the money. as it was for Sue. I did not intend to sell it, but now I don't know what to do with it; and, Ma'am," says this importer of India shawls, looking sweetly in the woman's face, "you so much resemble my poor mother, God rest her soul, I would wish you to have it, beyond any body." By this tour the gudgeon was hooked; stakes were made upon the nail; two pounds two, and the splendid Indian shawl was delivered up, to be safely deposited in the bettermost drawer, among the Sunday and holiday attire.

Shortly after, some friends came in, among whom was an old lady of that profession, in the days of Gay, denominated tire-women, and really well skilled in shawls, both genuine India and their counterfeits. The unfortunate purchaser now repaired to her drawer, and produced her famous bargain for the approbation of her friends, who, guided in their judgment by the old lady, of whom we have just made honourable mention, unanimously, but to the inexpressible mortification of the owner, pronounced the shawl to be genuine British in manufacture, and its common price eighteen shillings!

The tea *rig* may be remembered in London, as long back as the American war, and was indeed become quite a stale thing. However, it has been occasionally successful within the last seven years. A fellow attires himself in a seaman's jacket and trowsers, well payed with tar and grease. He applies to a grocer, (and it was formerly asserted, the ingenious of the trade were up to this rig and favoured it) who supplies him with a pound paper of tea, of a proper sort. He next looks out for a flat, male or female, which having found, he approaches slily, with a mysterious air, and says—"Now, if you have a mind for a pound of good tea, which I have just brought ashore, and at a reasonable price, here it is, but we must be careful that nobody sees us, as those thieves the custom-house officers are upon the look out in all quarters." The appearance of the man leaves no doubt that the tea has been smuggled, and he sells it at a profit of about half-a-crown.

The lace *rig* is, at this time, the newest upon town. Our sailor finds a customer for a piece of the most valuable French lace. He is just come out of a French prison, and secreted his lace by sewing it into the lining of his jacket, which has made it look yellow, but it is not, on that account, a farthing the worse—no—it is most capital lace—real French, and not to be got at for money. The fortunate buyer finds in due time, that he has purchased a piece of real Buckinghamshire, at about double the price such goods would have cost him in that country; and with respect to the colour, connoiseurs inform

form him, it has been purposely produced, by dipping the lace in coffee-grounds and raw starch.

I shall conclude with a flash definition, well known indeed, but worthy of being recorded, which was actually given before one of our judges. A witness in his examination made use of the expression, "I stagged him, my Lord."—"Stagged him, what do you mean by stagging him?"——"Why, my Lord, I mean, I was down upon him."—"Explain yourself, what do you mean by being down upon him?" "Why, my Lord, I knowed him for a rum one, and I was up to his gossip, and so I took him."

I am, Mr. Editor, of the Sporting Magazine, clearly up to your gossip, and your very obedient humble servant,

NEWBOCKENTOBASHOFAX.

Public-Office, Bow-street, Oct. 20.

CURIOSITIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Have been for some time a constant reader of your useful publication; and having a desire to make you a trifling return for the pleasure I have received, I beg leave to offer you the following information, which, though it may not be new to many of your sporting friends, will perhaps be interesting to some of them.

During last winter, a *Stoat, all over white,* except the top of its head and the back of its neck, which were of the usual colour, (that is to say, a yellowish brown) and also the tip of the tail, which was jet black, was killed by a labourer named James Cowherd, in a coppice called Trull Mill Coppice, at about half a mile from this village.

Mr. Daniel speaks of the prowess and the paternal affection of the cock partridge, of which a striking proof was witnessed by the same person, in the month of June last, in a road, in a coppice called Lower Barn Land Coppice. A magpie and a cock partridge were found engaged in a most furious manner, the partridge fighting very much like a game cock, and seeming to be quite a match for his antagonist. The magpie, upon seeing the man, flew away. The partridge ran into the high grass, not far from the road, where, upon the man's coming up, he found the *hen* partridge and brood of young ones. And there can be very little doubt that the battle had arisen in consequence of an attempt, on the part of the magpie, to make an attack upon the infant covey.

In the month of June, 1809, my brother William saw, in a coppice called Upper Hole Coppice, a magpie, in flying across a glade, drop a pheasant's egg from its bill, which confirms what Mr. Daniel says respecting the mischievousness of these birds, and may, give me leave to hope, Sir, tend to induce sportsmen to use all possible means for their destruction.

There is, however, another bird still more mischievous, perhaps, in this way, than the magpie; which, I say it with regret, is the so-much-wished-for harbinger of summer, the cuckoo. Two of these birds were seen, on the 25th of May last, in a coppice called the Willow-bed, near this village, by a lad named Thomas Dumper, in the very act of destroying a nest of pheasant's eggs. His attention was drawn towards them by the noise they were making with their wings,

 they

they being, as he thought, in the act of fighting. But when he came to the spot, from which, of course, they flew off, he found that they had broken and sucked sixteen eggs out of eighteen.—I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN MORGAN COBBETT.

Botley-House, Oct. 16, 1810.

AN AUTHOR'S VISIT TO CROYDON FAIR, 1810.

"There Jockey was seen with Jenny;
Old Baldy the Piper was there,
And Sandy made love to his Moggy,
The lass with the golden hair."

OCTOBER 4th, being the termination of this annual gala for the lads and lasses of Surrey, for this season, at Croydon, I paid a visit to that scene of jollity.

Induced by the fineness of the weather, and that natural desire, which I possess, to see the humbler classes of society happy, I took a passage in "the ten-toed machine," and marched off to participate in the hilarity.

I had scarcely reached Kennington Common, before I was civilly invited by some Venuses from Kent-street, in the Borough, to take a seat among them in a cart, richly decorated with boughs, amid which they sat like Bacchants, for which I was required by the charioteer to pay but the small consideration of a shilling; but having a kind of family aversion to riding in a cart, I declined the offer, although it came from beauty in dishabille!

On entering Brixton Causeway, I saw a long range of little houses, apparently built with cards, which they have called cottages; with a bridge in the front of each, over a methodised ditch, so stagnant that the frogs have deserted it, lest their tadpoles should be affected with a *typhus* or *tenesmus!*

As I ascended the Causeway, I was nearly choaked with volumes of flying dust, arising from ten thousand barouches, landaus, vis-a-vis, gigs, sociables, *disoblegeants*, waggons, coaches, carts, and horsemen, all hurrying from the metropolis, pell-mell, as if Joanna Southcot's prophecy had been fulfilled, and the devil himself had made his appearance at the Stock-Exchange.

When I had nearly approached to the summit of the hill, two drivers of crowded machines, that were drawn by *donkies*, were running a furious race against each other: and as I evermore feel an indignant *sympathy* when any of the asinine connection are maltreated, I called to the fellows to spare the animals; but my intercession was as bootless, as if I had implored the inexorable Eurus not to wound or wither the roses of the valley.

These unfeeling varlets had stopped at the Horse and Groom, at Streatham, when I overtook them: —"*Gentlemen*, (quoth I) please to hear Lord Erskine on the subject of ill usage to animals—'I defy any man (says his Lordship) to point out any one abuse of a brute, which is property, by its owner, which is not directly against his own interest. Is it possible, then, to doubt, for a single moment, that our dominion over animals is a *trust*?'"—I would have proceeded, notwithstanding the sneers of my auditors, if an accursed Pandean minstrel had not struck up the famous *Paphian* melody of "Stoney Batter," when I shrugged, buttoned up my morality, and walked onward.

At the entrance to Croydon, I saw

saw a raree-show-man, who was thus explaining the wonders of his portable microcosm—"There (said he) you may see Bonaparte on his white charger in the *Carousal* of Paris; listen, and you may hear him give the word of command to his troops!—Now you see him at St. Cloud, with the Empress Josephine; now you see him kick her out of the bed-chamber, while another flies in at the window, on an Austrian eagle, trim and *enceinte* as she ought to be—all as natural as the life."

When I was edged, involuntarily, into the Fair-field, my senses were almost stunned with opposing noises!—A fellow nearly burst the *tympanum* of my ear with a blast from a cracked trumpet, announcing the exhibition of the wonderful Albino Girls, with white hair and three eyes each! I was then hurried into a passage where they demanded sixpence to see the surprising Miss Biffen cut watch-papers without fingers or toes! When I squeezed myself out, I saw Mr. Scowton and all his splendid retinue!—Here's the live lion stuffed with straw, roared another. On their exclaiming "a mad ox," I stepped up the ladder to avoid the presumed beast, when the *Pierrot*, pointing to me, bellowed out—"See how they tumble up there!" In this conspicuous station I was espied by Mr. ——, the bookseller, who indiscreetly called out—— "What are you there, *Domini?* Who would have thought of seeing a philosopher at a puppet show!" I was so abashed at this remark, that, regardless of the consequences, I leaped into the croud, with as little caution as a maniac would plunge into a cold bath, and overset a blind sailor and his trull, who were amorously chaunting the duetto of—

"How sweet's the love that meets return."

I now retired to a booth, to console myself with a bottle of brown stout, when a mild-looking gentleman sat down by me, deeply regretting that *Punch* and his family had not condescended to visit the fair; "I fear (said he) that that resplendent comedian is now doomed merely to live in story, like Charles the Twelfth, Garrick, or Sir Jeffery Dunstan! But all is vanity, as the Irish moralist observes—

"———— Grass and hay,
Here to-morrow, and gone to-day!"

When he had departed, a bystander observed that he had *milled my wipe*; on declaring my utter ignorance of his meaning, he told me that the civil stranger had stolen my handkerchief. "What (said I) the Bandana that was given me by Capt. Indicus?" "The same," replied he; on this I made a rush to follow the depredator, but the host, perceiving my intention, caught hold of the skirt of my only black coat, and tore it to the bottom!—"What, you wanted to make a *bolt*, without paying your reckoning, did you?" said he. On my assuring him that it was not my desire, as I threw down my half crown, he jocosely asked a countryman in a smock-frock, what he thought I looked like—"More like a thief than a horse," was the rude reply.

I was so stung with shame at this adventure, that after pinning up the rent in my coat, I got away *a la sourdine* into Croydon, where I threw myself into a return post-chaise, and reached the metropolis once more, with a lighter purse, more knowledge, and a heavier heart.

Thus, this world's but a show where we ramble 'mong gay things,

And

And our passions, like children, are tempted by play things;
By sound, and by glitter, by trash, and by vanity,
By gingerbread trifles, and signs of inanity:
There we amble, and strut 'mong our poor silly neighbours;
Till death, or disease, give a check to our labours!
So our being's a jest, rather wretched than rare O!
And may well be compar'd to this fam'd Croydon Fair ho!

October 5. P.

THE ORIGIN, &c. OF FORESTS.

From Hughson's History of Hainault Forest.

THE origin and growth of these grand receptacles of game arose in the times of the Britons, when their princes and great lords had no occasion to set apart places for the preservation of game and beasts of venery; their *bruery,* i. e. thickets and uncultivated lands, being such nurseries for them, it was the interest of both princes and lords rather to destroy than preserve them.

During the wars between the Britons and Saxons, so many of the Britons were killed, and so many fled from the conquering Saxons, that the cultivated lands were more than sufficient to maintain the conquerors and the miserable Britons who staid amongst them, for at that time there were no foreign markets where the Saxons traded with the produce of their lands.—When the Saxons found themselves masters of the British lands and people, the Saxon Captains, as conquerors, in common council agreed to divide the lands they had taken amongst themselves, their friends and companions in conquest. The woods, wastes, and bruery lands, that were not appropriated to any particular persons, remained to the chief captain, who in process of time assumed the title of king, who, as occasion offered, granted parcels of such woods to whom he thought fit.

On this success of the Saxons in Britain, their half-starved friends and relations swarmed out of the German hive, to suck the sweet of our island; multitudes coming over time after time, more and more useless woods were appropriated and improved; and as improvements were made, the game and beasts of venery retired from thence for shelter into the unfrequented woods, whither the Saxon Kings, who took delight in hunting, went for their diversion, where was such plenty of game, that there was no occasion for restraining laws to preserve them. These royal unimproved woods are the forests pointed at by Sir Edward Coke in his 4 *Inst.* 319, who says, they are so antient as no record or history doth make any mention of any of their beginnings.

Whilst the ravenous beasts of prey were so numerous in the royal woods as to prevent the increase of the beasts of delicious taste for the table, the kings gave free liberty to the nobility and gentry to hunt in their woods; but in Edgar's time, the breed of ravenous beasts being much lessoned, he having an elegant taste, prohibited hunting his deer, and appointed officers to preserve all game of the table, in his woods, who so rigorously put in execution their orders, that the nobility and gentry were prevented of taking their diversion, and their tenants of their respective rights: at length this arbitrary procedure of

of the officers grew to so great a grievance, that noblemen, gentlemen, and farmers, made great complaints for want of a law to ascertain the king's privilege in this case; on which King Canute, in a parliament holden at Winchester, in 1016, brought the proceedings to a certainty, that all men might know what they should, and what they should not do, by publishing forest laws, therein setting out the bounds of his forests, and limiting the power of the forest officers.

The Saxon and Danish Kings made no new forests, but were contented with the woods that were their own demesnes, and were never granted to or possessed by the subject; but the kings of the Norman race, not being satisfied with sixty-eight old demesne woods or forests, depopulated well-built towns and villages, to make to themselves places appropriated to their diversion only.

William the Conqueror laid waste thirty-six towns in Hampshire to make a forest, which still retains the name of the New Forest; and his forest officers exercised such arbitrary rule, as to abridge even the great barons of the privileges they enjoyed under the Saxon and Danish Kings; not at all regarding the liberties given to the subject by Canute's forest laws.

His son, William Rufus, is recorded in history for the severity of his proceedings against all that hunted in his forests; inflicting the punishment of death upon such as killed a stag or buck in his forests, without any other law than his own will.

Henry I, and Richard I, were as arbitrary in this case as their predecessors, in punishing nobility and gentry who hunted in the royal forests, which was with the greatest severity, viz. with the loss of eyes and members, other offences fineable at the will of the king; some were never to be pardoned, and no person whatsoever was exempted from appearing at the court of justice seat, upon a summons of the chief justice in Eyre; so that the people were grievously oppressed by those personal services they were bound to perform at those courts in the forest.

In the reign of King John, these and other oppressions having exasperated the barons, they took up arms, and chose Robert Fitz-Walter their general, and marched to Northampton, and by the way of Bedford to London; whence they sent letters to the earls, barons, and knights that adhered to the king, that if they would not desert the perjured king, and join with them in asserting their liberties, they would proceed against them as public enemies.

These threats drew from John most of the barons that had adhered to him, which desertion left the king hopeless, and induced him to send William Earl of Pembroke and other faithful messengers to let the confederated barons know he would grant them the laws and liberties they desired: upon which a meeting of king and barons was agreed to be on the 15th of June, 1215, at Runny Mead, between Staines and Windsor, where a conference began between the barons that adhered to John, and the confederated barons, who were so superior in number to the king' barons, that he seemed to make no difficulty of granting the laws and liberties demanded, which were drawn up as the confederated lords thought fit in two charters, viz. the

Great

Great Charter, and the Charter of the Liberties and Customs of the Forest.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CLAY EATERS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

From Humboldt's "Tableaux de la Nature."

ON the coasts of Cumana, of New Barcelona, and of Caraccas, visited by the Franciscan Monks of Guyana in returning from their missions, there was a tradition prevalent, that tribes inhabiting the banks of the Oronoco eat earth.

On the 6th of June, 1800, we spent a day in a mission in a village inhabited by the Ottamacs, who eat earth. The village called La Concepcion, of Utuana, is situated in a very picturesque manner upon the declivity of a rock of granite. Its latitude I determined to be seven degrees north, and its longitude four degrees west of Paris. The earth which the Ottamacs eat is a fat and unctuous clay, a real potter's earth, of a greyish yellow tint, coloured by a little oxide of iron. They select it with much care, and gather it on particular banks, on the sides of the Oronoco and of the Meta. They distinguish by the taste one kind of earth from another, for all kinds of clay are not equally agreeable to their palates. They knead this earth into balls, of from four to six inches in diameter, and bake it at a slow fire, till its outer surface becomes reddish. Before they eat these balls they moisten them anew. These Ottamacs are for the most part a very savage race, and have an aversion to improvement. The nations on the Oronoco that are farthest from that canton, say proverbially, when they wish to speak of any thing very filthy, "It is too disgusting for an Ottamac to eat." When the waters of the Oronoco and Meta are low, the Ottamacs support themselves on fish and tortoises. When the fish appear at the surface of the water, they kill them by means of darts, with a dexterity which we have often admired.—When the rivers experience their periodical overflow, the fishing ceases, for it is as difficult to fish in rivers become too deep as in the open sea. During this inundation, which lasts two or three months, the Ottamacs swallow prodigious quantities of earth. We have found in their huts immense stores of it, heaped up in pyramids. Each individual consumes daily three-fourths or four-fifths of a pound of earth, according to the account which Fray Romon Bueno, a very intelligent monk, who has lived twelve years among these Indians, gave us. The Ottamacs themselves say, that in the rainy season this earth is their principal food; in addition, they eat little fishes, lizards, and fern roots. They are so fond of this earth, that every day they eat a little of it after their repast, to regale themselves, even in the dry seasons, and when they have abundance of fish.—These people are of a very dark copper colour; their features are as ugly as those of the Tartars. The missionary who resides among them assured us, that he has remarked no difference in the health of these savages during the time that they eat this earth.

Such is the simple narration of facts.—It may be asserted, that in all the regions of the torrid zone, this desire for earth has been observed; in Guinea, the negroes eat a yellowish earth, which they call

caouac

caouac. The slaves which are brought into America endeavour to procure a similar gratification, but it is always to the detriment of their health.

JACKAL HUNTING IN INDIA.

THE Poonah Hunt, and a numerous party of their friends, met at day-break, on the morning of the 4th of March, on the rising ground near Sangum, where a jackal of extraordinary size was turned down, with good law. He took across the country in a northerly direction, and made the river Moota, a little below the village of Boperee, the right bank of which he kept as far as Bopekele, passing Kirkee, where he crossed. This part of the chase was very smart going. On crossing the river he skirted the mangoe tope to the left of Bopekele, and, seemingly conscious of his powers, took the open country, stretching towards the north-east. The dogs were baffled, and at a check for a short time, amongst the dusty roads and some ploughed fields in the neighbourhood of the tope, and at this critical moment were crossed about 200 yards in front, by a large herd of deer, but not a single hound swerved, which evinced a rare degree of discipline and staunchness. After some cold hunting across the ploughed ground, where the dogs shewed the true stuff, the scent began to improve, and they carried it on again very briskly for about three miles over the plain, in the direction of the village of Boosrie, near which he doubled, and made for the strong grounds to the eastward. He was viewed here, for the first time, by some of the horsemen, about three-fourths of a mile a-head, and, from his rate of going, apparently was not much distressed. Having now gained the deep nullahs and strong rocky ground between the villages of Diggie and Kullis, and being aware of his advantages, he shewed a great disposition to keep his position by frequent doublings; the dogs, however, began to approach his brush, and pushed him so hard, that he was compelled to break, and made for the hills to the left of the village of Sangum, near which he was run into in grand style, after a run of one hour and five minutes. The country crossed cannot have been less than fifteen miles, and the chase altogether was, perhaps, a smarter and more interesting one than was ever before witnessed in India.

PUGILISM IN WARWICKSHIRE.

A Desperate battle was fought on Wednesday, Oct. the 10th, at Shirley Wake, between a smith, long celebrated as a pugilist, and Thomas Parkes, son of a respectable farmer in that neighbourhood. Shirley is about five miles from Birmingham, and the concourse of spectators was very great. The combatants met soon after three o'clock, in a ring formed in a field opposite the Red Lion, attended by their seconds and bottle-holders. At half-past three they set-to. In the first and second rounds Parkes was successively knocked clean off his legs, and in the third round received a tremendous blow on his nose, from which the blood *gurgled* out like liquor from a straight necked bottle. This, with several body blows in the same round, produced

duced almost any odds in favour of the smith. At the termination of the round Parkes was very *faint*, and apparently quite *winded*. On setting-to in the fourth round, Parkes struck the smith on the cheek bone, and, seeming to regain his vigour, followed the advantage with several body blows, and the round finished by the smith receiving a knock-down blow. The fight was maintained with mutual vigour till the eleventh round, when Parkes again striking the smith on the cheek bone, the blow was followed by a gush of blood that spouted to some distance. The smith, however, maintained the contest without flinching; and in the next seven rounds the combatants were alternately knocked off their legs.—Parkes slipped down twice by treading on some cow-dung. From the 18th round to the 26th, Parkes was evidently winning the battle—*planting* his blows, and particularly with the left hand, with uncommon force and quickness. The smith became shy from the 18th round, and lost all his science. At the 26th round, he was so weak, that, having made an ineffectual effort to hit his man, he gave in, after one of the best-contested battles ever seen in that part of the country. The smith, who had fought repeatedly, was never beat before, and was confident of victory at setting-to. He is thirty-four years of age, very stoutly made, and stands 5 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$. Parkes is about twenty-four years of age; stands about 5 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$, and is a stout bony man. For so young a bruiser, he stood the *hammering* of his antagonist at the beginning of the battle with uncommon firmness, and is expected to come forward as a first-rate pugilist.

RURAL SPORTS AT PLAISTOW, ESSEX.

Concluded from Vol. 36, page 265.

DEFENCE.

MR. Serjeant Best, who appeared to labour under considerable pain, arising from a recent attack of the gout, rose and addressed the court and jury in behalf of the defendants. It soon became evident that pain and illness had not damped his ardour or impaired his great talents, for never was an address from the bar more eloquently and impressively delivered, or listened to with more attention and delight:—He said—

Gentlemen of the Jury,

I feel most sensibly that the state of my health must prevent me from doing justice to the cause in which I am engaged. There are many topics connected with it which I am anxious to discuss, not merely for the purpose of defending my clients against this prosecution, but in the hope of being able to abate the intolerant spirit of those who have brought them here, and of satisfying them, that the making men miserable does not make them virtuous; and that neither the law, which is the rule of our conduct in this life, or the religion which prepares us for the life which is to come, imposes any further restraint on us than what is necessary for our own comfort, and the security of our neighbours: and that both law and religion allow of recreations and amusements, and condemn that pretended severity of manners, which prohibits such innocent indulgences. But, Gentlemen, the disease under which I have

have for some time laboured, has taken from me the strength necessary for such an undertaking, and I must content myself with vindicating my clients against the charge on which they are now upon their trial. This will be attended with no difficulty: but before I enter on this, I cannot avoid taking notice of some expressions that have fallen from my learned friend, who addressed you in support of the prosecution; and also of a printed hand-bill, which has been introduced to your notice during the trial. My learned friend did not say in direct terms, but he threw out very strong insinuations, that the women who were engaged to run for the *chemises*, as he was pleased to call them, were to exhibit themselves naked; and on this insinuation he proceeded to argue on the shock that this would give to female delicacy, and its effect on the morals of the country. If there was any truth in the fact, there would be justice in the observation made on it: but this charge is a wicked invention of his clients. They know there is not the least foundation for it; for one of them has told you, that on one of these occasions he brought the female part of his family, and hired a room for them, from whence they might, without inconvenience to themselves, be spectators of the whole of the pastimes of Plaistow Fair. He knew that, in the language of the poet, *they were husbanded with modesty*. The women were not naked, but attired as they are used to be, when engaged in the labours of the field. I hope the *saints* of Plaistow are not so hot-blooded that the appearance of women so habited can excite their passions, or so shamefaced that it can shock their modesty. If they are, they must lock themselves up during the harvest months, or their virtue might be exposed to such continual attacks as all their sanctity will not enable them to withstand. But this sort of half-dress, so unseemly in the eyes of the *men of grace*, has been sung of by poets, and extolled by philosophers, for its simplicity and decency. The next thing of which I have to complain in the instructions given to my learned friend (I know that he would not have suggested any thing so mischievous, so calculated to breed irreconcilable feuds amongst persons of different religious persuasions in the country, if his instructions had not compelled him to do so), is, that my clients *threatened to pull down the Methodist Meeting-houses*. I am happy to find this charge is the offspring of the malice of my learned friend's clients; no such threat was ever uttered either by the defendants or any one connected with them; no conduct was at any time pursued by them, that could indicate any such intention. It has been further said, that the defendants will not allow these Methodists to worship God in their own way. This charge is also destitute of any foundation in truth, and is made use of only to obtain a verdict by prejudice, in a cause in which the parties know they are not entitled to it on the real merits. I assure you, Gentlemen, I heard these things said with anxiety and alarm; I felt the zeal with which I engaged in the defence abating; for although it is the duty of an advocate, whatever be the nature of his client's case, to bring before the Court its most favourable features, yet I am too warm a friend to religious toleration, to feel any interest for those who are guilty of interrupting

ing the devotion, or treating with insult or ridicule the faith, of any sect of Christians. Let all men worship God in what way they please. However various the different modes of worship may be, let the worshippers be sincere, and an uniform and universal love and harmony amongst all the creatures of God will prevail. You will perceive nothing intolerant in the conduct of my clients. Men who think that it is necessary to be miserable through this life, in order to avoid misery in the next, may continue to the end, undisturbed by the defendants, under the gloom which their own imaginations have created. Those who think that the God, who loves his creatures to a degree that we are incapable of conceiving, delights in their misery, may be as wretched as a criminal distrust of his infinite goodness is capable of making them, and they may shew forth their griefs by all the expressions of sighs and tears and groans. We will not raise the voice of truth to interrupt them. We only ask toleration for ourselves in turn—but I am afraid, from what I see of the spirit of these people, if they were the majority of the nation, (instead of being, as I am happy to find they are at Plaistow, and sincerely hope their proportion, with respect to the Members of the Church, is not greater in other parts of the kingdom; namely, one to ten) we should ask that toleration in vain. I say, however, that all that we desire is, that we, who profess a religion that does not condemn us to perpetual mortification, but a religion, the *yoke of which is easy, and its burthen light, the service of which is freedom, and its object happiness temporal and eternal*; may have, undisturbed by Methodists, those indulgences which that religion allows us; nay, which by the festivals that it has appointed for our recreation, it invites us to partake of. Let no man suppose that I am contending for drunkenness and debauchery. If these occur, let them be punished; but I cannot perceive that these are more connected with the merriment of the lower classes of the community when assembled at these wakes, than with the jovial meetings of persons of superior station. The amusements of the peasantry are not so refined as those of their superiors; but I cannot help thinking that they are quite as innocent, and far more so, than the hypocritical profession of a total abstraction from all the pleasures and joys of the world.*

Gentlemen, I must beg your attention to the curious hand-bill which these prosecutors have thought proper to publish. It is a statement

* Mr. Martin, who sat nearly opposite the Learned Serjeant, smiled, and there was some little whispering, which created a short pause, when Mr. Serjeant Best, addressing himself towards Mr. Martin, with a good-humoured look of pure Christian benevolence, said, "I should like to have half an hour's conversation with Mr. Martin, and I think I should make him change his sentiment."—Mr. Martin, shaking his head, and saying no, no, no, never, the Serjeant added, "however, if I were to convert him, I am sure of this, that I should make him much happier *in this world*, whatever he might be in the next." And seeing the witness, Mr. Adams, near, "As to you, Mr. Adams," says he, "you have been but lately converted,"

of

of the grounds on which this prosecution is instituted, and is a manifesto issued by the Decemvirate of Plaistow, declaring to the astonished inhabitants what those persons think, or wish others to think, of the law, with regard to wakes and fairs. Such a law, if it exists, has made those inhabitants, and the inhabitants of most other villages and towns in the kingdom, and their forefathers, from the earliest periods of history, down to this moment, transgressors. The law promulgated by them, is, that "all such pastimes, (donkey racing, women running for shifts, and men jumping in sacks), are *breaches of the peace*, and therefore illegal." Where do these men find any such doctrine, or that those pastimes are breaches of the peace? Who but the learned Plaistow Decemvirate has ever said, that merriment, producing no violence to any person, and exciting no terror, breaks the peace? Men assemble at wakes for the purpose of merriment, and they have been allowed so to assemble in all times, and in all parts of the kingdom. Wakes and such amusements as were had at Plaistow, are as old as the law itself; they cannot therefore be contrary to law. Can any man point out any mischief that results from them? It is true they may for awhile make the labourer forget the aching of his weary limbs, and the poor man forget the wretchedness of his poverty. But surely there is nothing repugnant either to law or to religion in this. The law in a free government allows every man to do whatever he pleases, provided it be not injurious to himself or his neighbour. In the permission to do what does not injure ourselves or others, and the restraint that prevents us from what does, consists true British Liberty. God forbid, that bigotry or superstition should ever break in on the principles that secure this blessing to every part of our community. It is this which has made us a happy people among ourselves, and a great, a dreaded, and envied nation amongst the powers of the earth. In this proud situation shall we always continue, as long as we look to the laws of our forefathers as the rule of our rights and the regulator of our conduct; and take care to preserve our national habits, manners, and customs. From the union of these has arisen our national spirit, our love of independence, of justice, and of our country—the true and only sources of all our greatness and all our happiness. Wakes and their amusements are amongst these customs, and are the fruits of our liberty.—He who would destroy them, would make a change in our manners and habits, the extent of which he cannot see, and for the consequences of which no good man would chuse to answer. He would take away the whole of the amusements of the lower orders—and he must be a shallow politician who does not perceive that, so far from preventing order by allowing these amusements, order can only be preserved by permitting the great body of the people to enjoy themselves in their own way, the way into which they have been led by the privileges of their forefathers, and which continues to delight them, because it is known to have always delighted.

I now come to the charge contained in the indictment, and to shew that such charge is wholly unsupported by the evidence that has been adduced.

You, Gentlemen, well know, that, even if the defendants have done

done that which is contrary to law, yet, if they are not distinctly and plainly charged with it in the indictment, that you cannot convict. We come here only to answer the accusation contained in the indictment. Now, Gentlemen, the indictment does not charge us either with stopping up the King's highway, or with an assault; although perhaps we might have stopped up the highway, or might have trod on the toes of some impertinent constable, we cannot be convicted of these offences under this indictment. This observation disposes of a large proportion of the evidence that has been laid before you.

The four first counts of the indictment charge us with conspiring to assemble together under pretence of holding *a fair*, and being so assembled, of being guilty of a riot. To bring us within the reach of these counts, you must find that we pretended to hold a fair. Gentlemen, a fair is a meeting holden under some charter of the crown, or sanctioned by ancient usage, for the purpose of buying or selling articles of commerce. Did the defendants pretend, that they met together under any sanction, or for any such purpose?

Mr. Justice Heath.—There is no pretence for this charge. There is nothing about a fair in the evidence.

Mr. Serjeant Best.—Gentlemen, then it is not necessary for me to say another word on these counts. The last count charges the defendants with a riot: I will state to you my humble opinion of what, in law, constitutes a riot, and if you should find that opinion confirmed by his Lordship, you will perceive that there has been nothing like a riot on the part of the defendants. If the *prosecutors* were on their trial for a riot, it would require all my learned friend's powers to rescue them from the charge. A riot is a preconcerted meeting to effect some unlawful purpose by force and violence, or by the operation of that degree of terror which would be likely to alarm the minds of persons possessing an ordinary degree of firmness. Gentlemen, this is not my definition of the crime of riot, but that of one of the most learned writers on the criminal law of this country. Hawkins in his Pleas of the Crown (book 1. cap. 65. sect. 5.) says—"In every riot there must be some such circumstances, either of actual force or violence, or at least of an apparent tendency thereto, as are naturally apt to strike terror into the people—as the show of armour, threatening speeches, or turbulent gestures—for every such offence must be laid to be done *in terrorem populi*; and from hence it clearly follows, *that assemblies at wakes, or other festival times, or meetings for exercise of common sports and diversions, as bull-baiting, wrestling, and such like, are not riotous.*" It must have struck you all, the instant that I read the latter words of that paragraph, that what the defendants did was not in point of law riotous. They were assembled at a *festival time*, for the exercise of *common sports*, and I must say of sports that, however ridiculous they may appear to persons of great austerity of manners, must be allowed even by such persons to be less cruel than those which, according to the great authority to which I have referred, are permitted by the law.

But what is there in donkey-racing, jumping in sacks, or running for shifts, that can strike terror into the minds of the king's subjects?

jects?—These amusements may be followed with noise; but it is a noise that exhilirates the mind instead of occasioning terror. Gentlemen, I boast no great strength of nerves—much of my life has been spent under the pressure of the disease with which I am at this moment afflicted; but I am not so subdued as to be frightened at the noise of mirth, or so fretful as not to be delighted with seeing happy faces; and, Gentlemen, although donkey-racing is not exactly the sport that I should choose for my own amusement, yet, as I know it makes many people very merry, if this diversion ever wants a patron in the country in which I live, it shall find one in me. As to the running for shifts, I do not know any way in which one can with so much delicacy present our poor countrywomen with so comfortable an article of their dress.

This, and this only, was the purpose of my clients assembling. Nothing else was intended. If any thing further happened, it was occasioned by the rude, the insolent, the illegal interference of the London constables. If there was any violence, the constables were the authors of it. Indeed their conduct was calculated to provoke greater violence than it produced. Before they interfered there was not the least appearance of tumult. One of the prosecutor's witnesses describes what he saw and heard, by saying it resembled what usually passes at fairs and wakes.—That there was no concert amongst those assembled to insult any one, or do mischief to any person, is evident from what happened to the witness who passed through the crowd in his gig. He was insulted by a drunken man; but although there were hundreds of persons near, not one joined this person, or gave the least interruption to the witness. For the act of one drunkard is the conduct of an assembly of many thousands, to be holden riotous or disorderly? Even after the constables (not the officers, it should be observed, appointed to take care of the peace of this parish, but the sweepings of the police offices in London) had illegally and violently interrupted these persons in their amusements, the people did not make the return that might have been expected, and which they would have been justified in making; they see their friends pushed down by persons standing in their way, whilst they attempted to run—they see others knocked off their asses; and others carried, without a pretence of crime, to the watch-house, without making the least resistance. Can you call it a riot, alarming to the King's peace, when a handful of constables subdue and disperse thousands of people—when the peace officers are not only permitted to exercise, but to abuse their powers with impunity?

So far from seeing any cause to complain of the turbulence of the people, I confess I am somewhat surprised at their tameness. I could hardly have believed that the people of this county would have been so submissive to pretended authority. We find a party of those who are supposed to have been the ringleaders in this riot, quitting the room at the inns in which they were enjoying themselves, the moment they were ordered so to do by the constables. How dared these constables to enter that room? The only pretence for this most outrageous conduct was, that the party assembled were pleased to be entertained with some drums and fifes.

fifes. This may be considered a sort of music rather too rough to have in the room in which we sit, but if men are pleased with it, is not their pleasure perfectly harmless? I think such pleasure augurs well for the service of the country. *The spirit-stirring drum and the ear-piercing fife* have often contributed to fill the ranks of our army. But if, because men are somewhat noisy in their conviviality, a constable is to conceive that he has a right to break in upon them, I am afraid you, Gentlemen, will find, that when next you shall meet at the Florists' Feast over this Hall, and shall be giving vent to your overflowing loyalty by drinking to the health of our King in three times three, some *sainted* constable may have the impudence to tell you that your loyalty is riot. You will excuse me for what I am about to say, but although as magistrates you are the guardians of the peace, I do not think you would, on such an occasion, act as peaceably as these men did; I think the constable would stand some chance of getting into the street through the window.

I trust, Gentlemen, his Lordship will confirm to you what I have said respecting the law that must be the rule of your decision in this case. I trust that you will find that I have fairly and candidly commented on the facts: it was my intention so to do; there is nothing in the case that I wished to keep back from your view. You will perceive that this prosecution is the offspring of a gloomy disposition, which is unfortunately becoming much too prevalent. I wish I could persuade those who indulge it of the folly of their conduct. But if I cannot persuade them to be happy, I hope I shall have persuaded you not to allow them to make others miserable. Let not this inconsiderable portion of the people dictate to the rest how they are to conduct themselves. Preserve to us the manners, the laws, and the religion of our forefathers; let not them be broken in upon by visionary theory or sullen bigotry. I have not attempted to distinguish between the cases of my several clients—I might have pointed out to you, that some of them had less share in these transactions than others, and some had nothing to do with them, but I am confident that no legal crime, much less that which is charged in this indictment, is brought home to any of them, and therefore I will not weary you with making distinctions.

Mr. Justice Heath summed up the evidence for the jury with the greatest perspicuity, and made substantially the following observations:—" Gentlemen, there is no proof in this case of any attempt to assemble for the purpose of selling goods, wares, and merchandizes. To be sure they met for the purpose of amusing the people; but there is no pretence for the charge made in some of the counts of the indictment under pretence of establishing a fair: but even suppose that was their purpose, no man will say that a fair is an illegal assemblage. Now what was their purpose of assembling? to amuse themselves with donkey-racing, women racing for shifts, and a variety of diversions stated in the course of evidence; these are no breaches of the peace, this is no riot, there is nothing at all in it criminal. If there was any impropriety in the conduct of the defendants, it was the selection of the time and place for their sports. I think it

was

was not *a proper* time, and still less a proper place; these circumstances therefore could only amount to a nuisance, and an indictment for such an offence ought to have been the course adopted by the prosecution, instead of indicting the defendants for a riot. I again repeat that their conduct amounts to no breach of the peace. The sum of this affair is, that two or three hundred individuals assemble at an improper place, and continue there for eight or ten hours. Though this may be very inconvenient to the inhabitants, it is only a nuisance, and not a riot; nor does it even appear that they assembled to commit a breach of the peace. It strikes me, therefore, Gentlemen, that the defendants are entitled to an *acquittal*.

The Jury immediately found all the defendants—*Not Guilty*.

MR. HULTON'S STUD.

THE following are the prices at which the valuable Stud of Horses, &c. advertised for several weeks in the *York Herald*, the property of Mr. Hulton, were sold on Monday, the 7th inst. by Mr. James Hamer, at the Turf Coffee-house, in Newton, Lancashire.—Rovedino, being the only reserved lot, was only shown at the hammer, Mr. Hulton having, previous to the sale, refused 500gs. for him. The sale was well attended by most noblemen and gentlemen in the surrounding counties. The horses were in high condition, and the sale well conducted, which gave every satisfaction to the public there present.

	Guineas.
Margravine, a Grey Mare, 7 years old, got by Highover; dam by Countryman. Stinted to Windle—11th April	60
Yarico, a Black Mare, by Sir Peter Teazle, aged. Stinted to Cheshire Cheese..	35
A Brown Filly, rising 2 years old, got by Governor, out of Lot 2	20
A Bay Gelding, 2 years old, got by Golden Hercules...........	38
Refuse, a Brown Gelding, 3 years old, got by Citizen; dam by Morwick	37
HUNTERS.	
Rovedino, a Bay Gelding, 8 years old, got by Dunce; dam by Magnumbonum	
Marmion, a Brown Gelding, 6 years old, got by Young Snap; dam by Whirlwind	275
Tourist, a Bay Gelding, 8 years old, got by Traveller; dam by Jalap	221
Marquis, a Bay Gelding, 4 years old, got by the Marquis of Douglas's Arabian	106
A Bay Gelding, 8 years old, got by Alexander; dam by Snap....	131
Diamond Cut Diamond, a Chesnut Gelding, 6 years old, got by Johnny	66
A Brown Gelding, 6 years old, got by Old Tat. An excellent Charger	60

St. Orville, a Brown Gelding, 7 years old, got by Soldier; his dam Smallbones, by Highflyer. An excellent Lady's Pad. Amiss, not shown, in consequence of being, a few days before, thrown down by a lady.

LORD STAWELL'S STUD.

THE following Brood Mares, Colts, and Fillies, were sold at Tattersall's, Monday, October 8, viz. :—

	Guineas.
1. Gipsy, (Sister to Aimator) by Trumpator, covered by Waxy. Sold to Mr. Cloves for	115
2. Bay Mare, (Deceiver's dam) by Trentham, covered by Walton.—Sir H. T. Vane	46
3. Ringtail, by Buzzard, out of Driver's dam, covered by Walton. Mr. Adaire	165
4. Capella, by Buzzard, covered by Walton.—Mr. Cloves	81
5. Brighton-Lass, by Gohanna, covered by Selim.—Mr. Cloves	220
6. A Yearling Colt, by Orville, out of Merrythought, engaged in a Match for 200gs.—Mr. Forth	300
7. A Bay Yearling Filly, by Sancho, out of Ringtail, engaged in a Produce Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft.—Mr. Cloves	120
8. A Chesnut Yearling Filly, by Popinjay, out of Capella.—Mr. Keine	50
9. A Chesnut Filly Foal, by Selim, out of Gipsy.—Mr. Goddard	155
The following were bought in, viz. :—	
1. Sir David's dam, by Woodpecker, covered by Waxy	230
2. Pantina, Sister to Deceiver and Ringtail, covered by Waxy	250
3. A Yearling Colt, by Sancho, out of Gipsy, engaged in the July Stakes	210
4. A Yearling Filly, own Sister to Sir David, engaged in the July Stakes	180
5. A Bay Colt Foal, by Orville, out of Sir David's dam	310

RURAL SPORTS AT MARGATE.

AT the conclusion of the public breakfast at Dandelion on the 4th instant, which was attended by three hundred and twenty persons, rural sports commenced in the cricket-ground. The course was cleared for action about three o'clock, the distance three-quarters of a mile. The following is a list of the terribly terrible high-bred running *asses*, the sole property of the renowned Mr. Bennett.; the prize a silver cup:—

Light-foot	Light-blue.
Spider	Orange.
Venture	Pink.
Peggy	Blue.
Fanny	Crimson.
Eclipse	Royal Purple.

Previous to the signal for starting

ing, the clamour in the *grand stand* (three beer-barrels) exceeded all former example; the colours, more than the names, excited a spirit of party; betting became uncommonly high, and in many instances blows were barely avoided. The clerk of the course, Mr. Larendon, and his subordinates, gave ample testimony of their personal fortitude; in the preservation of order they displayed much spirit and strict impartiality. Betting at one time was two to one *Light-foot* against the field; three to one *Peggy* against *Fanny*; and four to one *Spider* against *Venture*. Oblique insinuations were privately circulated that *Eclipse* had been indifferently trained, that he was unsound, and was defective at bottom; and these reports had weight with those who were not in the secret. At a quarter past three o'clock, the whole started in pretty good style with every heart elate. *Light-foot* took the lead, *Peggy* lay pretty well at him, but *Eclipse*, who *stripped* very well, and was in better condition than expected, evidently did not keep at *his rate*, which was proved by a great and commanding stroke at the turn of the post; he came in at about two lengths and a half. The second heat *Eclipse* won by a neck at least; it was attempted to be proved a *foul* one, a jostle taking place, but the judges declared it was a dead beat. The other races were by mules and ponies; two only were entered (*Mettle* and *Peter*), they excited no interest; the first won. *Peter*, who had lost an eye, ran over a gentleman, who had got on the *blind* side of him. Mr. Bennett's *equestrian fame* is at an end; he was beaten by a tinker in the poney race; the former was thrown off his steed ere he reached the goal.

GRATITUDE IN BRUTES.

THE following instance of gratitude in a ferocious bull is said to be a fact:—

A gentleman, Mr. B——, was spending a month last year at the house of a farmer, who had a bull so wild and ferocious, that he was kept constantly chained, except when led to water, &c. at which time he was never suffered to be out of the hands of a trusty person.—This animal seemed to have conceived a particular antipathy towards Mr. B. who, being young and daring, had probably at some time irritated him. He never saw him approach the open shed in which he was kept without being heard to bellow most dreadfully, which he continued when the object of his dislike was in view; at the same time tearing up the earth with his horns, and giving every symptom of the utmost aversion. On two occasions while leading to water, he very cunningly watched an opportunity, and endeavoured to make a sudden spring out of the hands of his attendant at Mr. B. who was standing in the yard.

It will be recollected that in the North of England, on the night of the 10th of August, last year, there was a most tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. This took place during Mr. B.'s sojourn in the country; and though he has often been in tropical storms, he declares for about ten minutes he never witnessed any thing more awful. The lightning resembled sheets of fire, and each flash was instantly succeeded by a thunder-clap, as loud as if a volley of ten thousand cannon had been discharged. But what most affected him were the piteous roarings of the poor bull, which, exposed in its open

open shed to all the fury of the elements, sent forth every instant a yell of terror beyond description hideous. Imagining that it was the lightning that chiefly alarmed the animal, Mr. B. proposed to the men servants to go and remove it into the barn, but in vain. They were, one praying in one corner and another in another, as much terrified as the bull, whose roaring made no impression upon them. He then said, "Well then, I will go myself; the poor creature will be tame enough now." He accordingly put on his coat and went into the yard. The moment he approached the bull, which was lying trembling on its back, and had almost torn its chain through the gristle of its nose in its efforts to get loose, it rose, and by its fawning actions expressed how delighted it was at the sight of any thing human amidst such a scene of horror. Like Roderick Dhu's bull in the Lady of the Lake, when it had been pricked on some scores of miles by the lances of a troop of Highland foragers, its ferocity was gone; and with the utmost quietness it suffered my friend to untie it and lead it into the barn.

The next morning, in crossing the farm yard, Mr. B. remarked that his friend who had regained his shed, no longer saluted him with his accustomed bellow. It struck him that the animal might remember his last night's kindness. He accordingly ventured by degrees to approach it, and found that now, so far from shewing any ill-will towards him, it with the utmost gentleness suffered him to scratch its head; and from that very day became to him as tame as a lamb, suffering him to play all kinds of tricks with it, which no person about the farm durst venture to attempt; and seeming even to take pleasure in being noticed by him.

A more striking instance of gratitute amongst brutes than this has scarcely ever been known, certainly none in which the hatred was so markedly succeeded by affection, and in which the cause of the sudden change was so distinctly obvious. It is the more worthy of notice because we are not accustomed to regard bulls as very sagacious animals. They are doubtless much less so than the dog, horse, or elephant; yet this fact proves that they are at least equally susceptible of gratitude for favours, and have the faculty of memory in as strong a degree.

AMERICAN SPORTING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN your thirty-fifth volume, I find you mention a challenge given by the four-year-old colt Sir Solomon, of Norfolk, Virginia, to run any horse three four-mile heats, for 10,000 dollars, which was not accepted, because no one would travel their horse to Norfolk, to run him over his own ground; but in the Fall, Sir Solomon was purchased by Mr. Badger, and brought and trained on the Fair View Course, near Bristol. On the 8th of May, he started with Mr. Bond's g. g. Hampton (late Diomed) for the Subscription Purse of 500 dollars, four-mile heats, which was won by Hampton in two heats, both well contested, being won by half a length. The first was run in eight minutes and five seconds, and the other in eight minutes and four seconds.

seconds. As you published the challenge, it is but fair that this race should also have publicity.—Hampton beat Sir Solomon the Tuesday following, over the Powles Hook Course, with great ease.

On Saturday, August the 25th, a chesnut horse from Boston, trotted, in a sulkey, one mile, in two minutes and forty-eight and a half seconds, for 600 dollars, to the astonishment of all present.—The horse is fourteen years old, and barely fifteen hands high.

A CONSTANT READER.

Philadelphia, Sept. 3, 1810.

ASSOCIATION OF NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN,

To resist Hunting over their respective Manors, Lands, and Farms.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

YOU need only turn to your valuable weekly paper, the *County Chronicle*, of the 23d instant, for an article highly necessary to appear in your equally valuable Magazine. It may be necessary to state to your readers, that Burnham and Stoke are in the County of Bucks.

Burnham and Stoke Hundreds, October 11, 1810.

At a Meeting of Proprietors and Occupiers of Manors and Lands in these Hundreds, held this day at the Swan Inn, in Burnham,—the Right Hon. Lord Boston in the Chair; it was resolved,

1. That the hunting with fox-hounds or harriers, in this neighbourhood, will, in our opinion, be injurious to the value and enjoyment of our property, and wholly unsuitable to a country so near the metropolis, and abounding so much in gentlemen's residences, villas, and gardens.

2. That we will therefore resist, by all legal methods, any attempt to hunt with fox-hounds, or harriers, over our respective manors, lands, and farms.

3. That these resolutions be printed and circulated among the land-owners and occupiers in this neighbourhood for their concurrence.

4. That a committee be appointed for carrying these resolutions into effect; that the same do consist of the following noblemen and gentlemen, viz.:—

The Duke of Somerset.
Lord Boston.
Lord Gambier.
The Right Hon. J. Sullivan.
Sir Robert Bateson Harvey, Bart.
John Popple, Esq.
Richard Calvert, Esq.
Thomas Ludbey, Esq.
Lord Viscount Kirkwall.
Lord Grenville.
The Hon. George Irby.
P. C. Bruce, Esq.
John Edgson, Esq.
Thomas Hibbert, Esq.
Charles Clowes, Esq.

And that three of them be a quorum; and the said committee are desired, if they judge it necessary, to call another meeting for giving further effect to these resolutions.

CAPTAIN MELLISH,

A Gentleman who has afforded so much interest and amusement to the sporting world, and has furnished so many occurrences for recital in the *Sporting Magazine*, is surely entitled to honourable mention in that publication at the present moment.—He has, ever since the

the commencement of the war in Portugal, served under Lord Wellington as an aid-du-camp.

After the battle of Buzaco, Captain Mellish was sent with a flag of truce to the French head-quarters, on a message respecting some prisoners, when, on his arrival at Leyria, Massena invited him to dinner, and treated him with great attention and respect.——Captain Mellish is of the 10th Light Dragoons—a regiment not more admired for its gallantry, than distinguished as the favourite corps of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

MARKET FOR SINGING BIRDS, DOGS, &c. IN RUSSIA.

From Clarke's Travels in that Country.

THE market on a Sunday, in Moscow, is a novel and interesting spectacle, from five in the morning till eight. The place de Gallitzin, a spacious area, near the Kemlin, is filled by a concourse of peasants, and people of every description, coming to buy or sell white peacocks, fan-tailed and other curious pigeons, dogs of all sorts for the sofa or the chase, singing birds, poultry, guns, pistols; in short, whatever chance or custom may have rendered saleable.—The sellers, excepting in the market of singing birds, which is permanent and very large, have no shops, but remain with their wares either exposed upon stalls, or hawking them about in their hands. Dogs and birds constitute the principal articles for sale. The pigeon-feeders are distinguished in the midst of the mob by long white wands, which they carry to direct the pigeons in their flight. The nobles of Moscow take great delight in these birds, and a favourite pair will sell from five to ten roubles in the market. I was astonished to see the feeders, by way of exhibiting their birds, let them fly, and recover them again at pleasure. The principal recommendation of the pigeons consists in their rising to a great hight by a spiral curve, all flying one way, and following each other. When a bird is launched, if it does not preserve the line of curvature which the others take, the feeder whistles, waving his wand, and its course is immediately changed. During such exhibitions, the nobles stake their money in wagers, betting upon the height to which a pigeon will ascend, and the number of curves it will make in so doing.

Among dogs for the chase, we observed a noble breed, common in Russia, with long fine hair like those of Newfoundland, but of amazing size and height, which are used in Russia to hunt wolves. German pug dogs, so dear in London, here bear a low price. I was offered a very fine one for a sum equivalent to a shilling English. We observed also English harriers and fox-hounds; but the favourite kind of dog in Moscow, is the English terrier, which is very rare in Russia, and sells for eighteen roubles or more, according to the caprice of the buyer and seller. Persian cats were also offered for sale, of a bluish-grey, or slate colour, and much admired.

Seeing several stalls apparently covered with wheat, I approached to examine its quality, but was surprized to find that what had the appearance of wheat consisted of large ants' eggs, heaped for sale. Near the same stalls were tubs full of pismires, crawling among the eggs, and

and over the persons of those who sold them. Both the eggs and the ants are brought to Moscow as food for nightingales, which are favourite, though common birds in Russian houses. They sing in every respect as beautifully in cages as in their native woods. We often heard them in the bird-shops warbling with all the fulness and variety of tone which characterizes the nightingale in its natural state. —The price of one of them in full song, is about fifteen roubles. The Russians, by rattling beads on their tables of tangible arithmetic, can make the birds sing at pleasure during the day; but nightingales are heard throughout the night, making the streets of the city resound the melodies of the forest.

By a note at the bottom, the author says he has been informed that the above method of keeping and feeding nightingales is becoming prevalent in England.

COURT MARTIAL

On Adjutant Price, of the 4th Regiment of Warwickshire Local Militia.

GENERAL ORDERS.

Horse Guards, Sept. 28, 1810.

AT a General Court-Martial held at Coventry, on the 28th of May, 1810, and continued by adjournment to the 2d of June following, and re-assembled on the 5th July and subsequent days, by command of his Majesty, Adjutant William Mitchell Price, of the 4th Regiment of Warwickshire Local Militia, was arraigned upon the undermentioned charges, viz.:—

1st. "That the said William Mitchell Price, being adjutant of the 4th regiment of local militia of the county of Warwick, and being employed or ordered by the Right Hon. Lord Grey-de-Ruthyn, Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of the said regiment, to provide the articles or necessaries directed to be provided, out of the monies allowed to the persons enrolled to serve in the said regiment of local militia; and the said William Mitchell Price, being entrusted with the monies to provide such necessaries, charged the non-commissioned officers, drummers, and private men, serving in the said regiment of local militia, while on permanent duty at the city of Coventry, from the 25th day of September to the 23d day of October last, both days inclusive, more money than the articles, or necessaries so provided by him, the said William Mitchell Price, actually cost; thereby defrauding the non-commissioned officers, drummers, and private men, and putting a considerable sum of money into his own pocket, contrary to his duty as an officer and a gentleman, and to the great injury of his Majesty's service."

2. "That the said William Mitchell Price, being so employed or ordered, as aforesaid, and entrusted with the monies to provide necessaries for the said non-commissioned officers, drummers, and private men, of the said 4th regiment of local militia, of the county of Warwick, by the Right Hon. Lord Grey-de-Ruthyn, Lieutenant-Col. Commandant of the said regiment, while on permanent duty at Coventry, from the said 25th day of September to the 23d day of October last, both days inclusive, did provide certain articles not coming in the description of necessaries, and altogether unnecessary, which he caused to be delivered to the said non-

non-commissioned officers, drummers, and private men, of the said regiment, as necessaries, and compelled them to take the same, without having the authority of the commanding officer of the said regiment for so doing; and he the said William Mitchell Price charged the said non-commissioned officers, drummers, and private men, of the said regiment, more money than the actual cost of the said unnecessary articles, thereby misapplying the said monies so entrusted to him, contrary to his duty as an officer and a gentleman, and to the great injury of his Majesty's service."

Upon these charges the Court came to the following decision:—

The Court having, in obedience to his Majesty's commands, revised its late proceedings, and examined further evidence to such part of the charges as under the circumstances appeared not to have been enquired into, and also heard what Adjutant Price had to offer in his defence, was, after mature deliberation, of opinion, that the first charge had not been proved, and therefore the Court fully acquitted the prisoner.

With respect to the second charge, no fresh evidence having been adduced, to prove that Adjutant Price compelled the non-commissioned officers, drummers, and privates, to take any unnecessary articles, the Court remained of opinion as before, that he was—Not Guilty, and therefore acquitted him also of that charge.

The Court could not suffer its proceedings to close without annexing a list of the necessaries produced in Court, as furnished to the 4th Regiment of Warwick Local Militia, with the prices paid for them (as far as evidence was given); and the Court feel it necessary to state that the whole of the articles appeared of good quality, and that no charge was made by Adjutant William Price for carriage or other attendant expences.

His Majesty has been pleased, under all the circumstances of the case, to acquiesce in the finding of the Court, and the consequent acquittal of the prisoner.

The irregularity which appears to have been committed by Lord Grey-de-Ruthyn, Lieutenant-Col. Commandant of the 4th Warwick Local Militia, in directing the whole allowance for the regiment of one guinea per man to be paid into the hands of the Adjutant, Captain Price, is a practice highly detrimental in principle to his Majesty's service, and calculated to give rise to that dissatisfaction which appears from the proceedings of the Court-Martial to have prevailed in the corps; and in directing that this irregularity should be pointed out to Lord Grey-de-Ruthyn, his Majesty has been pleased to command that his Lordship should be enjoined to adhere in future to the express directions of the 48th Geo. III. cap. II. sec. 31, which provides for the payment of this guinea to the Captain of the Company.

The Commander-in-Chief directs that the charges preferred against Adjutant William Mitchell Price, together with the decision of the Court-Martial, and his Majesty's pleasure thereon, shall be read at the head of every corps, and entered in the regimental orderly books.—By command of the Right Hon. the Commander-in-Chief,

(Signed) HENRY CALVERT, Adjut.-Gen.

REV.

REV. MR. R. ROBINSON'S JOURNAL.

THE following letter of the Rev. R. Robinson, of Chesterton, near Cambridge, conveys a singular instance of an active turn of mind, and exhibits a striking illustration of the truth of a very old maxim—*Vita brevis, Ars longa!*

TO HENRY KEENE, ESQ. WALWORTH.

Chesterton, May 26, 1784.

"OLD, FRIEND,

"You love I should write folios: that depends upon circumstances, and if the thunder-storm lasts, it will be so; but what a sad thing it is to be forced to write, when one has nothing to say! Well, you shall have an apology for not writing,—hat is, a diary of one day.

"Rose at three o'clock,—crawled into the library—and met one who said, "Yet a little while is the light with you: walk while ye have the light—the night cometh, when no man can work—my father worketh hitherto, and I work."—Rang the great bell, and roused the girls to milking—went up to the farm, roused the horse-keeper—fed the horses while he was getting up—called the boy to suckle the calves, and clean out the cowhouse—lighted the pipe, walked round the gardens to see what was wanting there—went up the paddock to see if the weaning calves were well—went down to the ferry, to see whether the boy had scooped and cleaned the boats—returned to the farm—examined the shoulders, heels, traces, chaff, and corn, of eight horses going to plough—mended the acre staff—cut some thongs, whipcorded the boys' plough whips—pumped the troughs full—saw the hogs fed—examined the swill tubs, and then the cellar—ordered a quarter of malt, for the hogs want grains, and the men want beer—filled the pipe again, returned to the river, and bought a lighter of turf for dairy fires, and another of sedge for the ovens—got together the wheelbarrows, and set them a trundling—returned to the farm, called the men to breakfast, and cut the boys' bread and cheese, and saw the wooden bottles filled—sent one plough to the three roods, another to the three half-acres, and so on—shut the gates, and the clock struck five—breakfasted—set two men to ditch the five roods—two more to chop sods, and spread about the land—two more to throw up muck in the yard—and three men and six women to weed wheat—set on the carpenter to repair the cow-cribs, and set them up till winter—the wheeler to mend up the old carts, cart-ladders, rakes, &c. preparatory to hay time and harvest—walked to the six acres, found hogs in the grass—went back, and sent a man to hedge and thorn—sold the butcher a fat calf, and the suckler a lean one—the clock strikes nine—walked into the barley field—barleys fine—picked off a few stones and stiles, and cut a few thistles—the peas fine, but foul; the charnock must be topped—the tares doubtful; the fly seems to have taken them—prayed for rain, but could not see a cloud—came round to the wheat field—wheats rather thin, but the finest colour in the world—sent four women on the shortest wheats—ordered one man to weed the ridge of long wheats—and two women to keep rank and file with him in the furrows—thistles many—blue bottles no end—traversed all the wheat field—came to the fallow field—the ditches have run crooked—set them straight—the

—the flag-sads cut too much, rush-sads too little, strength wasted, shew the men how to three corner them—laid out the work for the ditchers—went to the plough—set the foot a little higher, cut a wedge, set the coulter a little deeper, must go and get a mould board against to-morrow—went to the other plough—picked up some wool, and tied over the traces--mended a horse-tree, tied a thong to the plough hammer—went to see which lands wanted ploughing first—sat down under a bush—wondered any man should be so silly as to call me *reverend*—read two verses, and thought of his loving kindness in the midst of his temple—gave out, "Come all harmonious tongues," and set Mount Ephraim to tune—rose up—whistled—the dogs wagged their tails, and on we went—got home—dinner ready—filled the pipe—drank some milk—and fell asleep, awoke by the carpenter for some slabs, which the sawyer must cut—the Rev. Messrs. A. in a coat, B. in a gown of black, and C. in one of purple, came to drink tea, and to settle whether Gomer was the father of the Celts, Gauls, and Britons, or only the uncle—proof sheet from Mr. Archdeacon—corrected it—washed—dressed—went to meeting, and preached from *the end of all things is at hand, be ye sober and watch unto prayer*—found a dear brother *reverence* there, who went home with me, and edified us out of Solomon's Song, with a dish of tripes out of Leviticus, and a golden candlestick out of Exodus—really and truly we look for you, and if you do not come I know what you all are—Let Mr. Winch go where he can better himself. Is not this a folio, and like many other folios?

"R. Robinson."

MARLBOROUGH COURSING MEETING.

THURSDAY, Oct. 18.—Matches for one guinea each.

Dr. Vilet's Vapo beat Sir J. Throckmorton's Tomboy.

Mr. Palmer's Pilot beat Mr. Heathcote's Hero.

Mr. Pickering's Pantaloon beat Mr. Goodlake's Glory.

Mr. Jones's Joker beat Mr. Wroughton's Whimsey, two courses.

Sir W. Barker's Buffer beat Mr. Woolrych's William.

Mr. Davenport's Dart beat Mr. Jones's Jilt.

Sir W. Barker's Buck and Mr. Davenport's Dancer.

Mr. Jones's Jessica and Mr. Davenport's Duchess.

Mr. Goodlake's Guinea beat Mr. Pickering's Peer.

Mr. Woolrych's Wag and Mr. Heathcote's Hermit.

Mr. Davenport's Daphne beat Mr. Jones's Jester.

Sir W. Barker's Best and Mr. Davenport's Darling.

Sir W. Barker's Basket and Mr. Pickering's Pontifex.

Mr. Davenport's Doctor beat Sir W. Barker's Bungay.

Mr. Wroughton's Whif beat Mr. Goodlake's Guinea Pig.

Friday.—Lord Chief Justice's Mahomet beat Sir W. Barker's Buffer.

Mr. Goodlake's Guinea Pig beat Mr. Wroughton's Whif.

Lord Chief Justice's Moll beat Mr Pickering's Pontifex.

Lord Chief Justice's Moll and Mr. Jones's Joker.

Sir W. Barker's Buck beat Mr. Davenport's Daisy.

Mr. Pickering's Paris beat Mr. Jones's Jessica.

Lord

Lord Chief Justice's Matler beat Sir W. Barker's Bungay.

Mr. Goodlake's Glory beat Mr. Pickering's Pantaloon, 10gs. bye.

Mr. Palmer's Pilot beat Mr. Jones's Jirk.

Mr. Goodlake's Gossip and Mr. Davenport's Dimple.

Mr. Jones's Jack beat Mr. Wroughton's Whimsey.

HARRIERS RUNNING IN VIEW.

THE Etching here given, is the production of Mr. Howit, whose abilities in delineating the sports of the field, have long been acknowledged. The subject is too familiar to our readers to require any description.

SUMMARY OF SPORT, AT THE NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, October 15.—One-third of a subscription of 25 guineas each, B. C. was won by Lord Grosvenor's Eaton, beating Lord Sackville's Pau.—Lord Kinnaird's Dandy, 8st. 10lb. beat Mr. Wilson's Cambric, 7st. 9lb. D. M. 200gs.—Sir John Shelley's Fanny, 8st. 12lb. beat Lord G. H. Cavendish's Orange, 7st. 11lb. D. M. 100gs.—Lord G. H. Cavendish's Eccleston, 8st. 1lb. beat Mr. Shakespear's Knave of Clubs, 9st. 2lb. Two-yr-olds' Course, 300gs.—Lord Foley's Spaniard, beat Lord G. H. Cavendish's Florival, 8st. 4lb. each, Across the Flat, 200gs.—Mr. Shakspear's Tumbler, 8st. beat Lord Oxford's Poulton, 8st. 4lb. D. I. 100gs.

TUESDAY.—Fifty Pounds for two-yr-olds, Two-yr-olds' Course, was won by Sir J. Honeywood's b. f. by Sorcerer, beating Lord Jersey's Kangaroo, and five others.—Mr. Watson's Dimity, 8st. 1lb. beat the Duke of Grafton's Joke, 7st. Two-year-olds' Course, 100gs.—Mr. Howorth's Invalid, 7st. 13lb. beat Lord Sackville's Deceiver, 9st. D. M. 100gs.—Lord Jersey's Antonio, 8st. 7lb. beat Gen. Gower's Mirth, 8st. 3lb. Ab. M. 200gs.—Lord Jersey's Kangaroo, 6st. 6lb. beat Mr. Thornhill's Fairing, 8st. 8lb. Two-year-olds' Course, 100gs. —The Duke of Grafton's Joke, 7st. beat Mr. Thornhill's Fairing, 8st. 1lb. Two-year-olds' Course, 200gs.

WEDNESDAY.—Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, first half of Ab. M. was won by Mr. Blake's f. by Whiskey, beating Gen. Grosvenor's c. by Midnight, and Sir F. Standish's f. by Mr. Teazle.—Lord Grosvenor's Donna Clara, 8st. 1lb. beat Mr. Howorth's Jeremy, 8st. 4lb. Two-year-olds' Course, 100gs.—The Town Plate of 50l. T. M. M. or B. C. was won by Sir F. Evelyn's b. c. by Alexander the Great, beating Mr. Howorth's Dwarf, and three others.—The First Class of the renewed October Oatlands' Stakes of 30gs. each, B. M. was won by the Duke of Grafton's Morel, beating Mr. Wilson's Antonio, and three others.

THURSDAY.——Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, Across the Flat, was won by Lord G. H. Cavendish's Eccleston, beating Lord Grosvenor's Benvolio and Lord Kinnaird's Gundy.—The Second Class of the Oatlands' Stakes, of 30gs. each, R. M. was won by the Duke of Rutland's Salvator, beating Lord F. G. Osborne's Poppy, and three others.—Mr. Shakespear's Knave of Clubs, 8st. 7lb. beat Major Wilson's Erebus, 8st. Two-year-olds' Course, 100gs.

FRIDAY.—The Third Class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 30gs. each, D. M. was won by Lord Jersey's Robin, beating Ld Lowther's Agnes and Gen. Gower's Harpocrates.—Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, Across the Flat, was won by the Duke of Grafton's Pope, beating Lord Foley's Spaniard and Mr. Lake's Britannia.—Sweepstakes of 10gs.each, D. M. was won by Lord Foley's c. by Eagle, beating Gen. Gower's Genseric, and three others—Major Wheatley's Bramble, 8st. 3lb. beat Mr. Andrew's Thorn, 8st. 9lb. R. M. 100gs.—Lord Kinnaird's Dandy, 8st. 5lb. beat Mr. Payne's c. by Gohanna, 7st. 11lb. Ab. M. 200gs. —The Duke of Rutland's Salvator, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Shakespear's Knave of Clubs, 8st. 4lb. Ab. M. 50gs.

THE HORSE-DEALER AND THE SWINDLER.

JAMES Martin, convicted at the late Chester sessions, for swindling a young countryman out of 25l. during the last fair, and now in the gaol of that city, under sentence of transportation, appears to have been an adept in his line of fraud.—A person of the name of Finin, a dealer in horses, lately paid a visit to the gaol, and recognised in this same James Martin, the very man who had formerly imposed upon him by the name of Raffaty.—In October, 1806, Finin brought some horses to the fair for sale, where he met with this noted *Camelion*, and sold him two of his horses for 50l.—He received 1l. as earnest; and Raffaty, alias Martin, alias Egerton, &c. gave the horses into the custody of a man in waiting, apparently his servant, at the same time requesting Finin to accompany him to the White Lion Inn, where he promised to pay him the remaining 49l. When they arrived at the door of the inn, the buyer persuaded Finin to go into the house, bidding him to get a pint of ale for himself, and order a glass of wine and water for him, and that he would be with him immediately.—But, alas! he was not as good as his word, for having drank his liquor, and waited a considerable time, on enquiry of the ostler, he was informed, that the gentleman had mounted his horse and rode off!—Finin never had the good fortune to obtain a sight of his creditor until the Sunday, as before described, although he says it has cost him at least 15l. in searching after him. On Finin's challenging the swindler with thus cheating him, he frankly acknowledged it, and with the utmost *sang froid* observed, that he would pay him on *his return from transportation!*

HOWDEN HORSE FAIR.

THIS greatest fair in Yorkshire for the sale of horses, and which stands next to Horncastle, commenced on the 23d of September; but, as usual, the *London dealers*, and their agents in the country, who are now very numerous, were riding the country and looking into every farmer's stable for a fortnight previous to the fair. Much business was done in the way of *advancing the ages* of horses from three years to four; and giving them pedigrees previous to their arrival in London—unfortunately however, the *London dealers* make great mistakes, and give a Lincolnshire horse a Norfolk sire, who never heard of him; and convert a three-year-old into a capital hunter, though he never was in a field but to eat the grass of it!

FEAST

HARRIERS RUNNING IN VIEW.

FEAST OF WIT.

THE efficacy of mutual caution.—General Lee being in company, at dinner, with some Scotchmen, took occasion to say, soon after the cloth was removed, that he had an unfortunate propensity when he happened to take a glass too much, which was, to pour every sort of abuse on the *Scotch*; and, therefore, should any thing of the kind happen, he hoped they would excuse him. "By all means," said a rough-cut Caledonian, who sat near the General, "we have all our failings, especially if we have taken a glass too much; I myself have a very disagreeable propensity, which is, that it is the case with me to take the first thing I can lay hold of, and *knock down* any man that *abuses* my country; I hope the company will excuse me if any such thing should happen!"——This speech had its proper effect, for the General did not choose to indulge in his "*unfortunate propensity.*"

THE following articles are copied from a late Bath paper.—*A wonderful Shot.*—A gentleman of this city, who is just returned from a sporting excursion in Wilts and Dorset, affirms, that in the course of four days, he and a companion shot forty-seven brace of pheasants, twenty-one and a half brace of partridges, seven brace of hares, one rabbit, and a landrail. Our correspondent adds—"If this be not absolutely *destroying*—it must be *making* game!"

THE advertisement from a late Bath Journal, of "The wonderful Shot!" versified:—

WHEREAS

Some "Busy Blaguard" made animadversion
On two *Gentlemen's* glorious sporting excursion;
Who in Dorset and Wilts, by just four morning scampers,
Stuff'd brimful of Game some dozen *big* hampers.
Now this "Busy Blaguard" shall deservedly skip
From a few gentle strokes of a sportsman's horsewhip,
To try if that fits his base shoulders as tight—
As the Cap he prepared for our heads in his spite—
If he will but repair, with his impudent face,
To *Devonshire-Buildings*—or else—*Sydney-Place.*

B. B.

An eminent surgeon in Dublin, who is no less remarkable for his professional skill than for his love of the fees which it enables him to pocket, was recently sent for to attend a young gentleman of fortune, who is notorious for his tender regard to the beauty of his face. Mr. L—, the young gentleman alluded to, was seated on a sofa, with his cheek reclining on his hand, when Mr. R—, the celebrated practitioner, so well known in Ireland by the characteristics just mentioned, entered the room. Mr. L— invited Mr. R— to take a seat near him, and displayed on a small table on which he rested his arm, a bank-note of more considerable amount than is generally offered, even by the most wealthy, on a common occasion, to the officers of health. After some little hesitation he proceeded to raise his cheek from his hand, where it had rested, as if under the influence of a severe tooth-ach,

ach, and pointing to a small wart, or rather mole, the following dialogue ensued:—Mr. L. Observe this mark, Sir.—Mr. R. I do, Sir.—Mr. L. I wish to have it removed.—Mr. R. Why, Sir; does it give you any pain?—Mr. L. No.—Mr. R. Does it incommode you in any way?—Mr. L. No, I cannot say it does.—Mr. R. Why then do you wish it removed?—Mr. L. I—Sir—I do not like the look of it—it is not handsome.—Mr. R. Sir, I am not in the habit of resorting to operations upon every trifling appearance: these little excrescences, unless attended with pain, or giving alarm from a tendency to increase in size, are much better left untouched. *I make it a rule to take from my patients what is troublesome to them, but nothing that is otherwise. With this Mr. R. laid his hand on the note*, which he dexterously pocketed, and retired; leaving the simple fop overwhelmed with astonishment and confusion.

A GENTLEMAN having purchased some land belonging to certain townships in Ireland, attempted to make some improvements on them by way of enclosures, &c. but as the measure was unpopular among the people of that country, they, without leave or ceremony, took the liberty of demolishing his fences. Whereupon he inserted in the Irish papers, the following droll, whimsical, and very humourous advertisement:—

"Whereas, I Col. T. Crow, have been truly informed, that several atrocious, audacious, nefarious, pestiferous, infamous, intrepid, night-walking, garden-robbing, immature peach-stealing, poaching rascals, all the spawn of thieves, and cubs of hell, do frequently, villainously, and burglariously assemble themselves in my boats in the river Tullymore, therein boating, piping, plunging, fighting, cursing, swearing, sabbath-breaking, whoremongering, and duck-hunting, with many other shameless enormities and illicit acts, that the modesty of my pen cannot express—This is therefore to give you all notice, reptiles, scoundrels, raggamuffins, poltroons, whoremongers, adulterers, lank-jawed herring-gutted plebeians, that if you, or any of you, dare set foot in my boats, or any part of my property, I will send myrmidons like tritons, who shall assail you in the deep, and plunge you in the great abyss called Auld's Hole. Then will I consign you to Charon, who shall ferry you over Styx, and deliver you to the arch-devil Lucifer, at the place of his infernal cauldron, there to be boiled in the fat bitumen of Vesuvius, to be drenched with the sulphur of Caucasus, and to be roasted eternally before the ever burning embers of Ætna. Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! Darians, Delicarians, Capercurians, and Tullymorians, base-born scoundrels, of whatsoever nation ye be, return me my bog-sticks, or by the Gods, the immortal Gods I swear, I will send my man Jacob to Babylon for bloodhounds fiercer than tigers.—With these, mounted on my famous horse Rattail, with my cutting sabre in my hand, I will hunt you through Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, until I centre you in my new-found land where the Devil himself shall not find you. Then will I mount my gazebo, and in the height of my wrath to the Gods I will declare what rascals you have been."

AT the late Spalding Sessions, an Irishman was found guilty of stealing, from a shop at Crowland,

a pair

a pair of *small clothes*; for which offence he was sentenced to a term of imprisonment. This *imprisonment* was a thing which Pat didn't like at all; and with a very long face he told the Justices on the Bench, that if they persisted in detaining him in prison, "the *devil* of a *petatee* would his poor old mother get for the winter, for she depended upon him to dig her crop, and would be starved if he didn't go!" The poor fellow begged, therefore, that their Worships would "do some *civil thing* to him," and let him be off. The Magistrates could not but be amused with the whimsical style of the petitioner, and, after a short deliberation, they changed his sentence to a *public whipping*; whereupon Pat, in a grateful ecstacy, *thanked them kindly*; and he underwent the flogging through the market place with high good will.—When he had stolen the breeches, he put them on, and his old ones over, to hide them; but forgetting the "looped and widowed raggedness" of his old galligaskins, he ran tail first into detection; for, as the breeches were of different colours, nobody could refrain laughing at his grotesque appearance.

The speech of an eminent seedsman, intended to have been spoken at the late aggregate meeting, in Dublin, which the pressure of the crowd prevented him from delivering:—

Mr. ***** *springing up*, said, "I shall endeavour to *develope the seeds* of the nation's decay. The powers of *increase* and *growing* prosperity, have been planted in the *soil* by the GREAT *Gardener* of nature, until the *infant blade* has been *nipped* by the *rude blast* of the UNION. For my part I am unable to explain how Ireland could *bear fruit*, while *grafted* on the *stock* of British supremacy, which, like an *overshadowing plant*, interrupts those *genial rays* so necessary to *fructify* the incipient *growth* of this kingdom.—I affirm that the infant manufacture, like the *infant bud*, requires *shelter* and *heat* to forward its *expansion*; and when the *pale* is once *broken down*, it is in vain for the *watchman* of the *orchard* to provide against *nightly incursions* of the *thief*, who throws a sop to the *dogs to stop their barking*. Before this *chilling exposure*, Ireland had *flourished* like a well-*cultivated garden*: but now, alas! her walks have *grown green* for want of *feet to tread them*—and a beauteous *flower*, that promised such fine fruit, has *drooped its head, become sickly*, and died. And as for the deadly *night-shade*, the weeds at the Castle, and the GREAT *garden* Hop-*Pole*, they are all so rotten as only to be fit to *manure* the soil!"—*(Dublin Evening Post.)*

The following was handed about in some private circle, in the City, previous to the Lord Mayor's day, a few years ago:—

Bustards, pheasants, woodcocks, widgeons,
Wild ducks, plovers, snipes, and pigeons,
Every fowl of every sort,
To your native haunts resort.
Turbot, salmon, herring, soles,
Plunge into your native holes;
Bucks and does, and hares and fawns,
Speed ye to your native lawns,
Each to your closest covert haste,
Beware, beware the man of *taste*.
All that can escape—away;
You are surely slaughter'd if ye stay,
For Friday next, is Lord Mayor's day.

At Worcester assizes, a cause was tried about the soundness of a horse, in which a clergyman, not educated in the school of Tattersall, appeared

appeared as a witness. He was confused in giving his evidence, and a furious blustering counsellor, who examined him, was at last tempted to exclaim, "Pray, Sir, do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?"—"I acknowledge my ignorance," replied the clergyman; "I hardly know the difference between a horse and a cow, or a bully and a bull, only that a bull, I am told, has horns, and a bully (bowing respectfully to the counsellor), luckily for me, has none."

An Active Schoolmaster.—According to the German Pædogogic Magazine (vol. iii. p. 407), died lately, in Suabia, a Schoolmaster, who for fifty-one years had superintended a large institution with old-fashioned severity. From an average inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers has calculated, that in the course of his exertions, he had given 911,500 canings, 124,000 floggings, 209,000 custodes, 136,000 tips with the ruler, and 22,700 tasks to get by heart. It was further calculated that he had made 700 boys *stand on peas*, 600 *kneel on a sharp edge of wood*, 5000 wear the fool's-cap, and 1700 hold the rod. How vast the quantity of human misery inflicted by a single perverse educator! But we are growing more humane, as Martial says—

Ferule tristes, sceptra padogogorum, cessant!

Among the ordinances promulgated at St. Helena, in 1709, we find the following curious passage:—"Whereas several idle, gossiping women, make it their business to go from house to house about the island, inventing and spreading false and scandalous reports of the good people thereof, and thereby sow discord and debate among neighbours, and often between men and their wives, to the great grief and trouble of all good and quiet people, and to the utter extinguishing of all friendship, amity, and good neighbourhood, for the punishment and suppression whereof, and to the intent that all strife may be ended, charity revived, and friendship continued, we do order, that if any woman from henceforwards shall be convicted of talebearing, mischief-making, scolding, drunkenness, or any other notorious vices, they shall be punished by ducking, or whipping, or such other punishments as their crimes or transgressions shall deserve, as the Governor and Council shall think fit."

Anecdote of Dr. Mead.—This humorous, as well as highly celebrated physician, being consulted by a nobleman on an inflammation in his eyes, (to which the doctor himself was occasionally subject) directed his patient by all means to avoid drinking wine, which he said was generally destructive of the human constitution. His Lordship implicitly complied with the restriction; but in the course of it, calling upon his physician, he found him carousing alone over a Scotch pint of old Port.—"Hey day!" exclaimed his noble patient, "How is this, doctor, that you prescribe one remedy for me, and another for yourself?"—"Why, I'll frankly tell you," replied the humourist, "Your Lordship I perceived preferred your eyes to wine; now, for my own part, I always *loved wine better than my eyes!*"

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE Marquis of Sligo has ordered all his racing stud at Newmarket to be disposed of.

THE Duke of Rutland, at Chevely Park, on Saturday, the 6th inst. shot 10 brace of partridges; $9\frac{1}{2}$ brace of hares; $7\frac{1}{2}$ brace of cock pheasants; and 12 couple of rabbits.

THE Boroughbridge Meeting of the Raby Hunt will commence on Monday, the 5th of November, on which day the Earl of Darlington's foxhounds will hunt from Boroughbridge.

LATELY died, Mr. Golding, an eminent trainer, of Hare Park, near Newmarket.

ON Monday, October the 8th, a match was run over Cleeve-hill, near Cheltenham, for 100 guineas, between Mr. Brown's b. h. Fustus, and Colonel Williams's b. h. Cleveland, which was won by the former.

SWAFFHAM Coursing Meeting, will commence on Monday, the 12th of November next.

Two matches for 50l. each were run on the Town Moor, Newcastle, on Tuesday, the 9th instant; the first was won by Lieutenant Trafford, of the 4th Dragoon Guards; the second by Mr. Bowley, of the Royal Artillery.

LORD Suffield's annual races, at his seat, in Norfolk, took place on the 9th and 10th instant, and afforded excellent sport. Blickling was crowded on the occasion, nearly 200 persons sitting down each night to supper, and about a fourth part of that number to dinner.—Amongst them were Lord and Lady Kingston, Lord and Lady Hinchingbrooke, Lords Oxford, Walpole, &c.

MONMOUTH Races were renewed on the 11th inst. after a cessation of thirty-three years. The sport was particularly good. Mr. Peach's Barbara was winning both the Members' Plates very easily, when she bolted each day at the same post, and was distanced.—The company was very select, and the entertainments, under the direction of Lord Arthur Somerset and Sir C. Morgan, Bart. the Stewards, very grand.

AT Penrith Races, on Wednesday, the 15th, the 50l. plate was won by Sir H. T. Vane's Shuttle, beating four others.—The Sweepstakes was won by Mr. Lawson's Dulcinea, beating six others.

PONTEFRACT Races were not so well attended as on former years; the Thespians, Messrs. Huggins and Clarke, however, played to crowded houses every night.—The stewards appointed for the ensuing year are, Robert Oliver, Esq. of Darrington, and J. C. Ramsden, Esq. son of Sir John Ramsden, Bart.

Lord Lowther and Robert Oliver, Esq. are chosen stewards for next Doncaster races.

George Treacher and Samuel Barrett, Esqrs. are appointed stewards for Richmond races, 1811.

Mr. Baker sold his bay colt Recollection, before starting for the St. Leger stakes, to Major Wheatley, for 1200 guineas, and 300gs. more if he won.

Mr. Barlow's Pope is sold for 800gs. to go into Ireland.

Mr. Vice has purchased Mr. Garforth's grey Delpini colt, for 500 guineas.

Mr. Read Denham has purchased Hippomenes of Major Wheatley for a stallion, and he is intended to cover the ensuing season, in the neighbourhood of Louth, Lincolnshire.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Tuesday, Oct. 9.—The Hunters' Stakes of 5gs. each, (13 subscribers) two miles and a distance, were won by Mr. Boulby's grey horse, beating Mr. Trafford's ches. horse, and Mr. Nater's brown horse.

Match against Time.—On Monday, the 17th ult. a grey galloway, only eleven hands high, called the Wonderful Phenomenon, the property of Mr. Thomas Masterman, of New Malton, started from York at seven o'clock, and arrived at Malton three minutes before eight, in a most excellent style, appearing not the least distressed. On the time of performance being declared, the rider (who is son to the owner) only fourteen years of age, was repeatedly cheered by the populace. The above match was for 40 guineas, to be run in one hour and five minutes. The jockeyship of the boy surpassed any thing of the kind ever witnessed, and it was supposed by many, that the galloway can go twenty miles within the hour. The said galloway and rider have often attracted the attention of the gentlemen hunting with Sir M. M. Sykes's foxhounds, as they were generally in at the death; and Carter, the huntsman, has often declared, that its speed for a long day exceeds any horse that follows the hounds.—Since the match, the owner has refused 100 guineas for the galloway.

On the Tuesday, at the Cork races, in Ireland, while the horses were running, Mr. Creed's Princess Charlotte run against a horse, rode by a very respectable young gentleman of Cork, which caused the destruction of both horses, and very alarming injury to the jockey, as well as the young gentleman.

On the Wednesday, in the Carlisle Race week, at half past nine in the morning, *wrestling* commenced on the Swifts, in a roped ring forty yards diameter. The oldest person does not recollect ever seeing such an immense concourse of people on the Swifts as on that day. The chief prize was gained by Mr. Thomas Nicholson, of Threlkeld, the second prize by William Richardson, of Caldbeck, the third prize by Joseph Slack, of Blencowe.—The Earl of Lonsdale gave five guineas in addition to the eleven guineas subscribed by the gentlemen of Carlisle. The morning being extremely serene, it was truly gratifying to see the amicable contention of some of the stoutest and most active peasantry in the united kingdom.

On Saturday, the 13th, at a fox hunt,

hunt, a few miles below Huntley, in Scotland, the Marquis of Huntley's principal groom, in the eagerness of the chase, unguardedly pushed his horse forward on a rocky precipice, over which the horse and rider were precipitated into a deep gulph of the river Doveran. Some shearers, near the opposite bank, hastened to his assistance, and observed the horse emerging from the water, in which the groom was seen struggling, as it proved, ineffectually; for before they could reach the spot he had sunk, and was unfortunately drowned. The body was soon afterwards found, but too late to restore animation.

The company assembled for the shooting season, at Houghton Hall, in Norfolk, the noble seat of the Earl of Cholmondeley, has been numerous and select; and from the profusion of game, the sportsmen have been highly gratified with the amusements of the field; while, from the munificence and hospitality of the landlord, and the polite attention of Lady Cholmondeley and family, the hours have been beguiled with cheerfulness and hilarity.

The Royal Cock-pit in St. James's Park, has been taken down, and never again to be rebuilt. The Governors and Trustees of Christ's Hospital, to whom the ground belongs, met on the spot, the very day the lease expired; and, as might naturally be expected from the patrons of such an institution, gave directions for the immediate erasement of the building.

Archery.—On Monday, the 8th instant, the Richmond Archers had a grand field-day, being the last this season, when, after very good shooting, Mr. Leefe was declared Captain of the Gorget, and Captain of numbers; and Mr. E. Macfarlan, Lieutenant of the Gorget.

The paling of Lord's cricket ground has been removed, for the purpose of erecting houses on the premises.

Boxing.—A grand battle was fought at Bixley Heath, four miles from Dorchester, on Monday, September the 24th, for 100 guineas, between an athletic man of the name of Job Reynolds and Abraham Flower, the brother of the noted provincial bruiser, whom Colonel Hans, the great provincial amateur, backed. The parties had been in training a fortnight previous to the contest, and Reynolds, who is an Oxfordshire man, was backed to win at odds. At setting-to Flower had the best of it, and hit his man off his legs in the first round, which, however, was repaid in the second, by a half round hit, which broke Flower's jaw. This did not prevent a continuation of the battle, which lasted upwards of fifty minutes. The champions met and exchanged hits courageously until one or both was down, and although Flower had most skill, yet he was unable to stop his man by well planted facers, and Reynolds was considerably the best fighter. Flower resigned on receiving a tremendous cross-buttock, but the winner had most beating. It was fair day, and the spectators were immense. A liberal purse, in imitation of the London school, was gathered for the loser. Reynolds is the man who once beat Burke, the opponent of Belcher, in a parlour.

On Monday, the 1st, two men of the names of Taylor and Tolley, who had an animosity against each other, meeting accidentally at Droitwich, fought, when the latter received so violent a blow, that his life is despaired of: his opponent has been committed to Worcester gaol. On Thursday, the 4th, two young men, farmers, met at Bromyard, to decide a quarrel which had previously taken place: in a few minutes one of them received a blow which instantly terminated his existence; the deceased having manifested great unwillingness to fight, his opponent has of course been committed to Hereford gaol, to take his trial for manslaughter. On Saturday, the 6th, an inquest was taken on view of the body of Richard Daykin, of Tedstone Delamere, who, in a pitched battle with James Nut, of Kyrbach, received a blow which killed him on the spot!

A battle was fought in the turnpike-road leading to Colnbrook, on Thursday, October the 4th, betwixt two stout men, John Harward, a waggoner, and Philip Coulthard, a coachman, in consequence of a public-house quarrel.—After fighting forty-five minutes, Coulthard received a blow on the side of the head above the temple, which dropped him like an ox, and he never rose again. The deceased was apparently winning the battle, when he received the fatal blow.

The long-expected match betwixt Crib and Molyneaux is at length made. The friends of Molyneaux, some American Captains, have at length come forward to bind the match, by staking 50l.—The battle will be for 200gs. a side, and it is fixed to take place on the 5th of January, play or pay, the day when Dogherty and Silverthorne are already matched to exhibit. Betting, 6 to 4 on Crib.

Mr. Gibbon, a clerk in one of the public offices, undertook, on Tuesday, the 9th instant, for a bet of 100 guineas, to go on foot from Hammersmith to Bath, and return, in seventy-two hours, the distance being 206 miles. He started at six o'clock on the Tuesday morning, and persevered with great courage till Thursday evening, when he was compelled to give in, with a frame much debilitated, having only 25 miles to perform in ten hours when he resigned.

One day during the present month, a dog, belonging to a gentlemen in Dumfries, at once pointed a hare, a brace of partridges, and a black cock. Upon the gentleman's going up, the hare rose and was shot; upon reloading, the dog still stood fast, when the partridges got up, and met with the same fate; and in the act of reloading, and the dog still pointing, the black cock sprung from a bush within a few yards, and escaped, to the regret of the sportsman.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The favour of J. R. reached us too late for insertion this month. It shall have a place in our next without fail.

Several articles from J. J. B. are also unavoidably postponed from the same cause.

Erratum.—In our Magazine for August, 1810, a mistake is made in the cause *Clark* versus *Sir M. Stapylton*; the damages are stated at One *Shilling*, when, in fact, the Jury returned a verdict of damages One *Penny*.

POETRY

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE TRUE ART OF SHOOTING FLYING.

Concluded from Vol. 36, page 291.

THE gen'ral flying marks are five,
By those who to perfection dive:
Observe of *Lineals*, two there are;
A traverse and a *circular;*
The fifth oblique which none can teach,
But practice perfectly can reach.

When birds fly onward to your face,
Stand still awhile, and let them pass;
Unless some trees behind you stand,
Then manage with a careful hand;
Advance the mouth above their head,
And ten to one you strike them dead.

When birds fly from you in a line,
With care, I may pronounce them thine:
Observe with skill to raise your piece,
'Till there's no open under space
Betwixt the object and the sight,
Then fire away, and stop their flight.

Now I've the *lineal mark* display'd,
You stand in need of further aid;
The *traverse* next employs my pen,
Not understood by many men.

The *traverse cross-mark*, skill requires,
I've often heard your country 'squires,
In talking of this traverse-shoot,
Sustain a very high dispute.
Before the bird, some always fire,
But that will nicest time require;
For should you too much space admit,
The *shot* will fly too quick to hit:
And if you give too little space,
That's full as hazardous a case.

The *partridge*, flying swift as wind,
Will dart and bilk her death behind,
Which makes it difficult to guess;—
Your time must be exact, or miss.

If you will my instructions take,
You need not such strict measures make,
Or take such wond'rous pains and care,
And stand a surer chance by far.

Observe that ev'ry skilful spark
Will strive to gain a *lineal mark;*
Which better will eight feet allow,
Than will the *cross-mark*, inches two.

When forty yards to left or right,
The rapid partridge steers her flight;
Have at her with a *sideling* line,
I make no doubt but she'll be thine:
But just behind the shot will glance,
And if you kill, 'tis all a chance.

The mark which circular is term'd,
With steady care must be perform'd.
Attend the motion of the bird
Till it a proper mark afford;
Obtain with skill and cautious scan,
The furthest lineal point you can;
With patience move your piece around,
Till you a proper *aim* have found;
Then fire! and bring her to the ground.

See Carlo stands!—a covey!—stay!
And have *regard* to what I say:
When scatt'ring birds in number rise,
And various marks confound the eyes,
Be sure confine your aim to *one*,
Regarding not but *that* alone.

Experienc'd men of *one* make sure,
And rest content with *one* secure:
The scatter'd covey, if you wait,
May yet be your's by future fate.

Young giddy fools, who vainly hope,
By *chance*, to pick a number up,
Do often find themselves deceiv'd,
And wish the random fire retriev'd;
Tho' many they may slightly wound,
They'll see none dying on the ground.

Come on, my friend, the sultry morn
Draws forth the covies from the corn;

Or

Or else some numbers may be found,
In fertile fields, the wheat around,
Sitting still to taste the sun,
Or, clucking, to some coppice run,
To shun the dust, and waste the noon ;
Some let us kill, and some disperse,
And eat our gains, while setters curse.

When what the golden harvest yields
Is carried from the fertile fields,
The farmer's roomy barn to crack,
And lusty *Roger*, *Tom*, and *Jack*,
With sturdy blows are heard to beat
Their oats and barley, pease and wheat;
When *leasers* give their gleaning o'er,
And pauper'd earth affords no more;
When birds are all become so shy,
At ev'ry little noise to fly ;
At eve, soon after *Phœbus'* fall,
You'll hear the partridge creaking call.
The covies seek their place of rest,
And fly towards their humble nest ;
The old ones call their young, to come,
And with their careful dams go home :
Look sharply at the close of day,
You'll these kinsfolk skim away :
Observe their flight, with steady care,
Mark well the place where they repair;
Which in the morning will afford
A banquet for the next day's board.

But in the brightness of the day,
They basking in the hedges lay ;
The glorious sun's meridian heat
Makes that a charming sweet retreat :
Securely there, they basking sit,
Nor will they such dear mansions quit,
Unless some noise, or voice they hear,
And then with speed away they steer.

Be careful, let your steps be light,
For ev'ry trifling noise will fright :
Except the *quail*, which lies so close,
She'll near endure the *lurcher's* nose.
With patience hunt ; the charming prey
Will amply your attendance pay :
Her flights are short, observe her fall ;
You'll spring her twice, no doubt at all.

When stiffen'd earth by frost is bound,
And flocking *larks* bestrew the ground,
The cold affords mysterious meat,
Best nourish'd when they little eat.
The ambient air their pores constrains,
And friendly *cold* shuts up their veins ;
From hence the nutriment proceeds,
And ev'ry grain some fatness breeds.

But when bright Sol displays his heat,
They poorer grow, tho' more they eat;
For in one melting sultry day,
Their fatness all perspires away.

To fire at flocks, take proper care,
And thus your well-prov'd *gun* prepare;
Observing to dispose your charge
As may dispense the shot at large.
Of *powder* take an equal lot,
As you allow of circling shot ;
Destruction then will scatt'ring take,
And many bleeding victims make.

When thus prepar'd, begin to storm,
And fire amidst the rising swarm,
And treble slaughter you'll perform.
When birds expansive rise in air,
The *mark* lies open, rais'd and fair,
And ten times more will dead be found
Than if you shot them on the ground.

If you a *mallard* chance to see,
Attend, and be advis'd by me :
If you're before him, hold your arm,
His guarded breast no shot can harm ;
And fire behind, where less secure,
He can the piercing *shot* endure.

When rattling winds do briskly blow,
Snipes move against the wind but slow;
And they're so thinly clad behind,
They seldom travel with the wind,
To guard against inclement air
The part which is so very bare.

The *woodcocks* then short flights will take,
And *pheasants* to their trees will make:
Then fright them from the boughs away,
And scorn to shoot the gazing prey :
Poachers alone that crime commit,
'Tis scorn'd by men of sense and wit.

When stormy winds offend the skies,
You cannot hear the partridge rise ;
It drives the powder in your face,
And really that's a dang'rous case.

And if, my friend, it chance to rain,
Take my advice, go home again:
That day no farther sport affords ;
Farewell the fields ! adieu the birds !
The powder gives, and damp will grow,
Take my advice, then ; prithee go:
For should you stay, I'm sure your gains
Will never pay for half your pains !
The sport is o'er ! away ! away !
For now 'tis all in vain to stay.

PARTING WITH MY DEAREST.

A SONG.

O! I could leave, for evermore,
My kindred and relations ;
And, blest with him whom I adore,
Could roam thro' foreign nations ;

For,

For, what are friends to lovers true?
Or dangers the severest?
My heart will break to bid adieu
In parting with my dearest!

I dare not follow where he goes,
Yet cannot live behind him:
May Heaven protect him from his foes,
And guide my steps to find him!
For I can live in toil and care,
And dangers the severest;
But, like the wailings of despair,
Is parting with my dearest!

J. MAYNE.

HORACE AT BRIGHTON.

Solvitur acris hyems, &c.——BOOK I. ODE IV.

NOW fruitful Autumn lifts his sun-burnt head,
The slighted Park few cambric-muslins whiten;
The dry machines revisit Ocean's bed,
And HORACE quits awhile the town for Brighton.

The Cit foregoes his box at Turnham-Green,
To pick up health and shells with Amphitrite,
Pleasure's frail daughters trip along the Steyne,
Led by the dame the Greeks called Aphrodite.

Phœbus, the tanner, plies his fiery trade,
The graceful nymphs ascend Judæa's ponies,
Scale the west cliff, or visit the parade,
While poor papa in town a patient drone is.

Loose trowsers snatch the wreath from pantaloons;
Nankeens of late were worn the sultry weather in,
But now (so will the Prince's light dragoons)
White jeans have triumph'd o'er their Indian brethren.

Here with choice food earth smiles, and ocean yawns,
Intent alike to please the London glutton;
This, for our breakfast, proffers shrimps and prawns,
That, for our dinner, South-down lamb and mutton.

Yet here, as elsewhere, death impartial reigns,
Visits alike the cot and the *Pavilion*—
And for a bribe, with equal scorn disdains,
My half-a-crown, and BARING's half a million.

Alas! how short the span of human pride,
Time flies, and hope's romantic schemes are undone,
CROSWELLER's coach, that carries four inside,
Waits to take back the unwilling bard to London.

Ye circulating novelists, adieu!
Long envious cords my black portmanteau tighten;
Billiards, begone! avaunt, illegal loo!
Farewell, old Ocean's bauble, glittering Brighton!

Long shalt thou laugh thine enemies to scorn,
Proud as Phœnicia, queen of watering places!
Boys yet unbreech'd, and virgins yet unborn,
On thy bleak downs shall tan their blooming faces.

HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

A Whimsical work has just been published under this title. The following is the speech of *Horatio*, addressed to *Hamlet*, in the first act.

SONG.—HORATIO.
TUNE—"*Heigho, says Rowley.*"

Two nights to watch, the Gentlemen went,
"Heigho!" says Horatio,
When just at the time when the night was spent,
A spectre to frighten them thither was sent,
With his tomb-stone, jaw-bone, skull, shroud, and skeleton,
"Too strange to be true," says Horatio.

The ghost, like your father, look'd arm'd cap-a-pee.
"Heigho!" says Horatio;
They came in a twitter to tell this to me,
Saying, "If you don't credit us, pray come and see."
With his tomb-stone, &c.
"A cock and a bull," says Horatio.

I promis'd with them to keep watch the next night:
"Heigho!" says Horatio:

When

When lo! as they told me, the ghost came in sight:
Says I, "'Tis too plain that there's something not right,"
With his tomb-stone, &c.
"But we'll soon find it out," says Horatio.

I intended to say a few words to the ghost;
"Heigho!" says Horatio;
(I shouldn't have kept him five minutes at most)
But I found the poor fellow as dumb as a post.
With his tomb-stone, &c.
"He's no babbler, I find," says Horatio.

He turn'd on his heel, and went off in a pet;
"Heigho!" says Horatio;
But he frown'd on us all ere away we could get,
Just as much as to say, "I've not done with you yet."
With his tomb-stone, &c.
"We had better make off," says Horatio.

He soon came again, so I told him my mind,
"Heigho!" says Horatio:
Says I, "I'm quite sure you've left something behind,
"Some treasure, perhaps, your exec'tors can't find.
With his tomb-stone, &c.
"You'd best shew where 'tis hid," says Horatio.

He seem'd not to like it, and look'd rather black;
"Heigho!" says Horatio;
As much as to say, "You had best hold your clack;"
But he heard the cock crow, and was off in a crack.
With his tomb-stone, &c.
"You're a rum kind of ghost," says Horatio.

SONNET AGAINST WHISKEY.

"*Monstrum horrendum!*"

BANE of *Hibernia's* happiness and peace!
Morality and order's deadliest foe!
Demon unknown to polish'd Rome or Greece,
What direful ills from thy curs'd influence flow!
Sedition's hot-bed! where her rank weeds grow,
Ripening in dark luxuriance, to annoy
The paths of sober Industry, and sow
With Discord's tares the fields of social joy.
Insidious serpent! tempting to destroy,
Prolific source of sorrow, crime and shame,
Mingling with health's pure stream thy foul alloy,
At once the heart corrupting and the frame.
How long, pestif'rous Whiskey! shall thy reign,
Of its best wealth our hapless Island drain?

SONNET IN FAVOUR OF WHISKEY.

"*Audi alteram partem.*"

IDOL of jovial *Ireland's* social train,
Parent of wit, and nurse of smiling glee,
Killer of care, and banisher of pain,
Friend of the brave, and fav'rite of the free!
Tho' coy Morality thy presence flee,
And prim Hypocrisy turn up her nose,
A secret fondness both still bear for thee,
While they would pass in public as thy foes.
At thy approach, how Fancy's visage glows!
Sparkling with rapture roll the eyes of fun—
Misfortune speedily forgets her woes,
And Toil the task that he has left undone.
Let Envy shoot her venom'd shafts—in vain—
Whiskey, triumphant Whiskey still shall reign!

TWO OF A TRADE.

A Fisherman one morn display'd
Upon the Steine his net;
CORINNA could not promenade,
And 'gan to fume and fret.

The fisher cried, "give o'er the spleen,
We both are in one line:
You spread your nets upon the Steine,
Why may not I spread mine?

Two of a Trade can ne'er agree,
'Tis that which makes you sore;
I fish for flat-fish in the sea,
And you upon the shore."

Drawn by J. Emery. J. Scott Sc.

TANDEM.